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HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

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A STRANGER spending one or two days in this "Eden of Europe," as it is justly called, would perhaps view with most delight, and remember most pleasantly, the natural beauties of the scenery. While traversing the finely laid walks which surround the city, and wind spirally to the very tops of the highest hills, his eyes would be greeted by a series of ever-changing landscapes, in which the heights of the Kaiser-Stuhl, the Heiligebirge, the Jettenbuhl, and their companion-mountains, — the blue waters of the swiftly rushing Neckar, the wide-stretching Rhine plain, and the dim outlines of Alsatian Hills, — each play their parts in this grand drama of Nature.

But let him prolong his stay for months; and, though this wealth of natural beauty may possess even greater attractions as he daily shares in it, it will gradually concentrate itself around one point, and become to him, as it were, only the fit setting of its most precious treasure, — the Castle of Heidelberg. And, if he ever ask himself whether it be right thus to subordinate nature to art, the works of God to the work of man, the question might be answered by the thought, that genius in art is not only the

gift, but the instrument, of the great Worker, whose life flows no less in the glorious visions which rise before the spirit of the architect or the sculptor, — whose fruit is wrought out through the ages by inspired hearts and willing hands, — than in the grand and complicated architecture of a mountain, the innumerable life-ducts of a tree, or the simple blossoming of the humblest flower.

We have high authority for saying, that, "next to the Alhambra of Granada, the Castle of Heidelberg is the most magnificent ruin of the middle ages."

The original occupants of the site were the Romans; and their castle, like all other Roman works in this region, was destroyed, in the middle of the third century, by the destructive "Alamanen." A new castle was built upon the ruins of this Roman one, in the years 499 and 500, during the dominion of the French, under their first Christian king, named, in German chronicles, "Chlodowig." About the year 1255, an addition was made by Ludwig the Strong, eldest son of the Duke Otto; and another, by Rudolph I., in 1294.

For three centuries, the Castle of Heidelberg had stood firm as the hills around it: but, in the year 1537, it was laid in ruins by a fearful storm; a fire kindled by lightning burning it almost to the ground. Under the fostering hand of Rudolph, however, it rose again from its ashes to meet the fierce sieges of its foes and the treacheries of false friends, which gave it different masters and varied fortunes during the "Thirty-Years' War."

Like all ancient ruins of great extent, being the work of different men and different times, it is of various styles of architecture; the whole forming one vast, irregular pile. Part of the ancient Castle of Rudolph still remains, with its curious gables and Gothic adornments. One of the most beautiful portions is the palace of Elizabeth, the English wife of Frederic, Count Palatine, with its fine garden-terrace. The most striking memento of the war-experiences through which the ancient ruin has passed is the "Gesprengte Thurm," or Rent Tower, whose head is covered with a growth of lindens; a large portion of its massive masonry having resisted an attempt at undermining with such success, that, instead of being shivered to pieces by the powder, it fell entire into the moat beneath. In this moat are now tall shade and fruit trees, upon whose tops one can look down from the walks of the castle garden. Most wonderful of all is the Ritter-saal of the

Count Palatine, Otho Henry, who also filled the office of grand seneschal of the "holy Roman empire." On its wide front are allegorical representations of Strength, Faith, Love, Hope, and Justice, with their appropriate emblems; and, below them, classical and Scripture heroes, with quaint inscriptions, of which the following are specimens: —

Beneath the statue of Samson, —

"Samson the Strong
Was a Nazarite of God,
And protected Israel
Full twenty years."

Under that of Hercules, —

"Hercules, son of Jove,
Am I named;
Through my glorious
Deeds well known."

Under that of David, —

"David was a youth
Both brave and wise :
The impious Goliath
His head he struck off."

Near this is the Chapel of St. Udalrich, with figures of knights in armor standing in the niches of the outer walls; the bright-yellow flowers growing from the crevices at their feet, sometimes sixty feet from the ground. The Giants' Tower is so named from the figures of two giants, whose proportions remind one somewhat of those grotesque caricatures for children, of little men and women with large heads.

It would be an endless task to describe the profusion of carving appearing everywhere. Here is an old knight, half veiled in the ivy, whose untrained bower, hiding the sharp lines of his stone recess, might appear, to a believer in the faiths of the olden time, an emblem of the celestial bowers of endless delight now rewarding the deeds of his earthly valor; there are lions, crouching in no rough cave, but in a waving mass of foliage, which somewhat relieves the terrors of their aspect; and here a griffin, with hideous features and mouth wide open, close to a cherub gazing upwards or a saint in the attitude of prayer; delicate traceries of forest-leaves or intricate Gothic patterns, contrasted with grotesque forms whose types exist only in the artist's imagination. The

most striking characteristic of the statues representing real personages are their individuality and apparent truth to nature. After being once introduced to Count Frederic or Duke Henry, as the case may be, it is your own fault, and not the sculptor's, if you cannot distinguish them.

Nowhere is there a better instance of the kindly healing of nature. Strip the desolate ruin of the ivy and the flowers, the trees and vines, that hide the cruel wounds of war and the slow decay of time, giving an air of healthy life to the dead and broken stone; take out the leafy curtains that hang over the single rows of windows, where gay faces and noble forms once looked out from the now-vanished halls; or the shady sentinels now marshalled in the moat, where the soldiers of the enemy once secretly plotted death against the indwellers, or openly poured it upon them,—and Heidelberg Castle would lose half its beauty and value, in losing its vivid contrast between life and death.

One of the greatest attractions of the castle, to judge from the well-patronized walks, is its garden, whose extensive grounds are beautifully laid out and finely kept. At this season of the year it is one mass of foliage, with trees and flowers in all their variety and luxuriance of beauty. The commanding position of the castle — “high and hoar on the forehead of the Jettenbuhl,” an eminence overlooking the town of Heidelberg, which lies in the valley of the Neckar — affords many of the finest views surrounding this rival of the Rhine.

In this German land, one part of the grounds must be, of necessity, a “coffee garden,” where you may take your breakfast, dinner, or supper, in the cool and fragrant air, under a sheltering roof, or a temporary pavilion, or the shade of some old tree. . . .

The castle garden might also be taken as a type of German life in its more serious aspects; a good example of the free, pleasure-seeking, “live-and-let-live” character which naturally springs from a framework of society so arbitrary and unchanging as to offer small stimulus to ambition, and to a religion so loose or so formal as to exclude, in a great measure, high aims or enlarged views of life. One might be glad to see among the children of our own New England more of the æsthetical taste, the warm love of nature, the pursuit of study, not as a means, but as an end, which ennobles the life of Germany. But God grant that these good things may never be purchased by a sacrifice of our

energy, our ingenious and patient industry, our sacred home-life, or the faith for which our fathers suffered !

The interior of the castle rivals the exterior in the wonder and interest it will readily awaken.

Not, perhaps, if traversed under the direction of a guide, your search limited to the portions usually shown to visitors. Only a diligent and prolonged survey of the upper ruins and lower labyrinths can give a just idea of its vast extent, or of the immense amount of labor whose traces are visible on every hand. Here and there are indications of the times in which it flourished,—the battered suits of armor and rusty swords; the oven, large enough to roast an ox whole; the Tun of Heidelberg, so famous for its unequalled size; the dispenser of its goodly wines, whose image greets you close by, with its portly figure and red face; and his wonderful clock, that he was always too busy to wind, and which was so arranged that any friendly visitor doing him that service received a severe blow from a nondescript creature, springing out upon him after the fashion of the common nursery-toy.

Then — like the contrast, upon the outer walls, between the hideous face of an imaginary monster and the winged angel near him, or the knight in his battle array with the saint praying by his side — you will find it but a step from the armory to the chapel, in whose dim aisles have knelt so many generations, now sleeping with their fathers. And many other things there are, to a thoughtful mind a whole series of glimpses into that shadowy drama of the past, whose curtain, rent here and there by curious hands, has now fallen for ever.

A portion of the castle is occupied by the collection of Count Graimberg, and is one of those rare collections of curiosities which disappoint the visitor in neither the value nor the variety of their contents.

The walls of the spacious rooms are nearly covered with portraits, mostly of noble families, some of high rank or great historic interest; among them, the princes of Germany, with their families; Frederic of Prussia, Louis XIV., and Marie Antoinette. Here, too, side by side, are the fine head of the celebrated Kotzebue, and the wild-looking face of the young student who was his assassin in the eyes of the law, and a martyr to liberty in his own eyes and in those of his youthful compatriots.

Among the innumerable curiosities may be seen Luther's wed-ding ring. — a good symbol, in its breadth and strength, not only of the character of the reformer, but also of that heretical marriage between a monk and a nun, null and void in the sight of the pope-dom, but right and true in the courts of Heaven; and a signature of the noble protector of Luther, John George, Duke of Saxony, whose bold and manly lines might stand side by side with those of our own John Hancock in the Declaration of Independence. Here are Papal bulls, in a fine manuscript of old Latin, with their immense seals; hundreds of different views of the castle and town of Heidelberg, with an ingenious model of the former; altar-pieces from the neighboring convents, with figures of our Lord and his apostles; the Virgin and the infant Christ, in painted wood, carved oak, or ivory; a great variety of relics of the old time,— pieces of stone carving, weapons, suits of armor, with numberless others; all forming a grand tribute to the industry and liberality of the collector, a resident of Heidelberg, and also to the memory of that great wreck of the past, whose glory and majesty are proved by even the scattered fragments drifted upon the shore of this present time.

You are carried back, almost unconsciously, to the old times in which these ancient walls were full of life in all its phases; when noble lords and fair ladies trod these very walks; when the now-empty court resounded to the merry dance, or the stirring call for the chase; — or, looking beneath the surface, when here was revealed somewhat of the solemn mystery of this life of ours, whose deepest and strongest currents flow alike in all hearts, and so make us one with our brothers of every age and clime; when there was here a time for all things, — “a time to be born, and a time to die;” a time for the joy of a happy love, and a time for the agony of bereavement; times of war with all its horrors, and times of plenty and of peace. And so the old walls grow holier to us, and more wonderful, as we gaze upon them.

It is no overstrained feeling, which, after many hours of communion with this old Castle of Heidelberg, clings to it with love and reverence, as to a teacher and a friend. “Sermons in stones” which lie beneath our daily tread, we may not listen to; but something in the voice of this ancient preacher, speaking out of the life of those dark ages, which yet had in them much of the light we walk by now, is more powerful and more holy than many a church service of to-day.

H. S. C.

THE CHRISTIAN TEMPLE.

PAUL says of Christians, "Ye are the temple of the living God." It may be questioned whether he refers to the church as a body, or to individual Christians, in the words quoted. In another passage, where the same metaphor is employed, it would seem that the apostle had primary reference to individuals. In the one now cited, the body of converts are compared to the temple. As, of old, it was said to the Israelites, "I will dwell among them, and they shall be my people," God being supposed to be peculiarly present in the tabernacle and on Mount Moriah; so now, by the miraculous manifestations in the assemblies of Christians, the Deity may be presented as taking up his abode with them, and, by the wonderful display of his power, evincing that he preferreth before all else the upright heart and pure. The Corinthians, therefore, are exhorted not to allow early prepossessions, or the example of their unbelieving friends around them, to tempt them to support the rites of heathenism. Who would desecrate the temple of God by surrendering it to the lewd and cruel services of an idol? Who would combine light with darkness, the kingdom of Christ with idolatrous powers? Ye, Christians, are God's temple. Where his spirit is, there he abides; where his glory is signally manifested, there emphatically he resides. How can one, who believes this, think it of no consequence to avoid heathenish practices, to refrain from heathen customs, which are the Dagon and Baals, the Jupiters and Venuses, that desecrate the holy place?

It is plain that it is of no moment, in regard to the apostle's illustration, whether we interpret the word "temple" as meaning the body of Christian believers, or as one member of the body; or whether we regard the evidence of God's presence as deduced from miracles, or from the more spiritual exhibition of his divine attributes by his children. The argument of the apostle, to show the inconsistency of the course reprobated, is equally cogent in either case. It is true that there is a refinement of sentiment in the latter case which does not belong to the former. It is a more exalted conception both of God and man to consider the Holy Spirit as indwelling in the devout and righteous disciple, wherever

he may be, than to conceive of the Shechinah as having left the ark and the temple to preside over the congregations of Christians. It has a more beneficial influence upon men's temper and conduct to believe that they may each one be temples for God's praise, than to espouse the notion that it is only when met with fellow-worshippers that we severally constitute a part of the spiritual edifice called God's house.

Take the more spiritual construction, and how cogent a dissuasive it furnishes against all sin!

"Ye are the temple of the living God." What work of creation that we are familiar with compares with that of the sixth day? We may talk of the groves as temples; we may worship at the roaring cataract; we may gaze at evening upon the stars, and listen for the music of the spheres; or, standing upon the shore, hear wave after wave, in long succession, hymn God's eternity: but is inanimate matter to be compared to animate? And where among the higher class of beings can we turn for more distinguished proofs of wisdom and goodness than to our own frames? We may see objects that excite our wonder; but where throughout the world is there one created thing more wonderful? The works of art, the combinations of wood and stone, however genius may combine them into Coliseums, Pantheons, St. Peters, are wood and stone still. Every house is built by some man; but he that built all things is God. How do living things sink in comparison with the Lord of this lower world! He, who may everywhere be a temple, can inhabit every clime, feed on every variety of food, find shelter in every latitude. Think of his form erect, and looking toward heaven; of the human hand, fitted for such an untold number of uses; of the bodily eye, conveying within the images of outward beauty and grandeur to light up the altar-fires of the heart, and to keep the vestal flame of purity and love for ever burning; of the countenance, which may indicate a holier worship, may reflect the Deity's loveliest attributes, as nothing else on earth can. What sacred edifice, what consecrated cathedral, can affect the spirit and hallow the soul like the expressive features of the face, when the whole being is consecrated to God? The face of Fenelon, on which a beautiful life was written, did more to harmonize the feelings and calm the spirit's strife than the costly dome under which he ministered with all the pomp and circumstance of prelatic service. It must ever be thus. God's

image should direct the thoughts to the divine original like nothing else living.

What wonderful care has the heavenly Architect taken for his most holy seat! what provisions for the durability of the whole! what singularly nice arrangements for the functions of the different parts! And how carefully is it provided that the offices of the several portions should be performed in harmony! What other creation has the design of the Maker more legibly engraven? Who can look at this handiwork of the Almighty, and believe that here is a creature to stand up with his fellows to be shot at; a chattel to be sold like an ox; a signpost to dangle between earth and heaven; a safe to store away dollars and dimes; a hogshead for rum and brandy; a drudge to know nothing, and to care for nothing, but food and raiment?

Who may not discern that here are the fitting arrangements for worship? — the outward form erect, the face reflecting the emotions that predominate, the eye the window of the soul, the mouth and tongue to convey the thoughts to utter praise. What temple is there like this? Take only the tongue, and read the illustration of Paley; or read an account of the eye or hand by any writer on the human frame. Consider, in addition to what may be said of the agility of the tongue, and the varied changes requisite to produce every letter and word, how much of mechanism there is in other parts of the mouth. What numerous instruments are provided in the small space which the mouth occupies for the purpose of taste, of masticating and swallowing the food, as well as for talking and breathing! Reflect that, while there are glands and muscles and teeth for the preparation of the food, there is also one cavity for the passage of it, while another is provided for that of respiration and speech, and we shall agree with Paley, "that in no apparatus put together by art are there such multifarious uses, so aptly combined, as in the natural organization of the human mouth, or where the structure compared with the uses is so simple."

Is it for convenience only that man has the gift of speech? Is it only to gratify his companions that he can make nature audible with sounds harmonious beyond all art? Or does not the whole organization evince a purpose above the simple preservation of life or the enjoyment of others? Look abroad through nature note in the vegetable and animal that each existence ministers to

each, and all to man; that every plant and reptile fulfils its destiny, — does all for which it was formed. Look at man, to whom all are subservient, — the presiding genius, that maketh the winds and the lightning his messengers; and the question suggests itself, Can he, who plans so wisely, who executes so wonderfully, do nothing beyond? Is this the whole of his work, for whom all else works? Where is his Master and Lord? Whom does he serve? Thou art the temple of the living God, serving the Creator for the rest of nature, manifesting his glory, showing forth his praise.

Will not this be admitted, when to the outward frame we add the mind? However we may regard the mind, whether as originating from some inexplicable combination of material things, as some have supposed; or as a separate existence, residing in the human body, and guiding its motions; — whichever of these may be our opinion, we cannot contemplate the spirit of man without the conviction that the universal Intelligence has quickened it, — that the Almighty has given it understanding.

The choice casket constructed with so much care retains within the precious jewel of the mind. The outward framework of the body is a fitting residence for the inward spirit, which partakes of the qualities of its divine Former, and is appointed to rule and direct the body and all material things in a manner somewhat resembling the superintendence of the eternal Spirit, — a mind fitted to understand something of the Almighty's works, and capable of offering up sincere supplications to his eternal majesty.

It must ever remain a mystery that any combination of particles should be capable of life and thought; it must ever be a problem, which man cannot solve, how so ethereal and immaterial a being as the human soul should be, and be in harmony with so much earthly matter. A reason has been given for this seeming impropriety. It is that man, who has been gifted with a ray of the central light, may reflect it on all around; that he, who has been fitted up and adorned with all that is necessary for a righteous and holy service, may preserve all the sacred vessels for their proper offices, and devote all the building of God, and the cherished fire within, to the purposes of thankfulness and obedience. Reason and conscience, those heavenly lights, raised on high, should be ever trimmed and burning; the affections, altars from which the smoke of the sacrifice hourly rises; pure desires and glad

thoughts, the acceptable prayers; the emotions of gratitude, the praises freely rising to heaven's King.

Or, to speak in accordance with a philosophy at one time prevalent, there are the perceptive organs that stand at the vestibule of the temple; the reflective, that invite to contemplation; the moral, that bid to duty; and there stand veneration and reverence, worshipping.

How can we prefer buildings of wood and stone to this building of God? how turn to the outward, and keep that swept and garnished, while the inner, the residence of God's spirit, the true Shechinah, is desecrated by idols? Should not these bodies and spirits of ours be holy? should they not be reverenced as sacred to the Lord? No dust or stubble from the inferior nature should be suffered to obscure the light or diminish the lustre. We are sacred to the worship of God; we are his temple, the noblest he has reared on earth for his glory and praise. Woe, then, to the free being, the intelligence of earth, the house of God, if pollution come; if the satyrs and fawns, the devils, and world's deities, take possession! Woe to him, who, knowing that around the altar and within the chancel are set receptacles for the pure incense of faith and devotion, wilfully perverts the work of the almighty Maker, and employs these vessels of the Lord's temple in the service of demons!

It is a serious reflection, that the true God dwelleth with the pure in heart, — dwelleth with his children, — made them for this purpose. How else can he be known? how else can the knowledge of him be spread? God's spirit abides with man's spirit. These temples of his crumble not to dust; the worship of the soul dies not out on earth. The enduring hills wear away; *Ætna's* fires go out: but good deeds, the spirit's devotion, never die. Travellers in the East search in vain for the synagogues where Paul preached: but the sanctuary of his spirit is known throughout the world; and worship ascends, and will ascend from it when the costly marble that bears his name shall be no more.

The devout pilgrim journeys to Bethlehem and Jerusalem; he sees with what care credulous minds consecrate certain spots as the veritable places where the high priest of the new covenant worshipped the Father by untiring sacrifice; he believes that he stands on holy ground. What if it be so? Is this aught in comparison with the living temples Christ has consecrated? Earth,

wood, a particular locality or relic, we reverence; but the spirit, and the spirit's home, are ordinary subjects of thought. Christ,—where is Christ, unless he be formed in us? Where search for him but in the hearts of his children? Heaven,—where is heaven, unless, as Milton describes it and the Scriptures teach,—

“The mind is its own place, and of itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven”?

As the outward form is made erect, and looking toward heaven; so should the inner man be upright, and no power of the soul prostrated to the creeping things of earth. As the bodily eye is given to carry within the images of outward beauty and grandeur; so should the mental eye delight in what is lovely and pure. As God has ordained that the human countenance should be the index of intelligence and goodness, the expressive features conveying unerringly the thoughts and emotions of the heart; so we should labor with unceasing care that truth and candor and heavenly-mindedness be impressed upon it, and the inward emotions correspond with the external expressions as face answereth to face. Thus may the true spirit of the Father be presented in the children, and man shadow forth, in the most intelligible manner that his outward form can do, the glory of his Maker. Every one believes this possible. Every one must confess that there are indelible traces of emotions, good or bad, left upon the brow, which time's effacing fingers cannot wear away. There are often written in legible characters the severe woundings of conscience, the stern admonitions of self-reproach, and the deep woundings of the spirit. There, too, may be traced not unfrequently the ruling passion that has led captive the other powers, and compelled them to submission. Although these manifestations of the countenance are not universally to be received as indices of the soul, as they are not always certain criteria; yet it is generally true, that, where a composed and tranquil spirit reigns, it diffuses its heavenly radiance on the lineaments without. Who does not distinguish between the expression of mild wisdom and light-hearted mirth? Who cannot discern the difference between stupid indolence and the active exercise of the mental powers? But it will not do to lay too much stress on outward signs. There is the soul, which may not always exhibit its doings on the surface. How watchful should we be that it is ever a fit residence

for God's spirit ! Here He, who breathed into man the breath of life, will deign to dwell, if we are true to ourselves. He has fixed within a moral judgment to guide the worship of the temple; affections that may continually burn with hallowed fire, hearts to pour forth incense daily, and strong desires that may at all times bear up devout prayers to the ever-present One. These are sacred to Jehovah. Jesus, the great High Priest, has taught us how to conduct the service, in what manner to praise and adore. Jesus has given us a model of a temple devoted, consecrated, to the Father of spirits. How truly did the whole framework and inward adorning evince the object for which this temple was reared ! With this pattern, shall we desecrate the sanctuary our Maker has given each man who can learn of Christ ?

Reflect how much has been done in order that it may be prepared for duty and praise ; remember how easily it may be the habitation of an evil spirit, fit only for devils.

A far more grateful design was intended by the Creator,—to make every one a priest to heaven's high King ; to render all parts of that spiritual temple ever vocal with love and thanksgiving. We may regard ourselves individually as shrines consecrated to Jehovah ; and we should look on the whole body of the good as one grand building of faith and hope and charity, filled at all times with holy offerings, and ever presenting the noblest worship to the Almighty.

How glorious a conception is this ! how worthy the apostle ! how appropriate to those born in God's image ! how meet for the disciples of his Son ! Christians, ye are the temple of the living God, — his best, his holiest temple, not made of wood or stone, not confined to one spot of earth ; but boundless as the spirit of man, as imperishable as the soul. Let pure homage fill it ever. Let every action be service, every emotion praise. Let there be inscribed on all parts, on the body and on the spirit, within and without, " Holiness to the Lord." W. A. W.

THE PROPHECY OF SIMEON.

A SERMON TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF THOLUCK.

LUKE ii. 34, 35: "And Simeon blessed them, and said unto Mary his mother, Behold, this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be spoken against (yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also), that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed."

CHRISTIAN BRETHREN,—As the prophecy of Simeon, the subject of the first of this series of biblical pictures, promised us, we have seen revelations of the heart of man at the cross of Christ,—revelations which made us tremble for our own. But I promised not only to open unto you the dark abysses of human nature, but also that we should see what it may become under the guidance of God's grace. Passion and Easter Week was also a period of discipline. There are times in our lives, when, under the silent influence of God's spirit, we advance rapidly in the divine life; so that, upon looking back, we wonder at our progress. Such seasons are chiefly our hours of suffering. The seed sinks deep and grows rapidly only in those hearts over which God's ploughshare passes. The death and resurrection of our Lord formed, with the disciples, an important transition-point to a higher spiritual state: they progressed more rapidly then than during the whole of their previous life. Christ indicated it when he compared them to a woman in travail, who, when her hour is come, hath sorrow. But, adds he, "When she is delivered of the child, she thinks no more of the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world." This pain-period gave birth to the new man of the apostles, and of all the followers of the Lord. Many a noble germ had Christ planted in the souls of his disciples while with them; but not until that ploughshare passed over their hearts did it sink in deep. Then it first rooted itself; and afterwards, on the beautiful Pentecost day, when God's rain came down, oh! then the glorious harvest at once shot up high. This may be said of all who belonged to the Lord, and were with him in Jerusalem at that time. I have already considered this truth in its reference to Nicodemus. It is true also of Peter, of Thomas, of John, of Mary, and of all others. Let me to-day, and at our next service, illustrate it in the case of Mary and of Thomas. You remember

that the prophecy which on a former occasion guided our meditations — the prophecy of Simeon, which referred to a revelation of hearts at the cross of Jesus — had an especial reference to the mother of our Lord. Let us, then, more closely consider the word of the aged prophet.

"And Simeon blessed them, and spake to Mary his mother, Behold, this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be spoken against (through thy soul a sword shall pierce), in order that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed."

The sword which pierced the soul of Mary sundered the heavenly and the earthly in her faith and love.

In this sense we say, that through Mary, at the cross, was revealed what a pious heart may become under the guidance of God. In order to understand this more clearly, we must go back to the commencement of her life of discipline, as the mysterious sword to which the aged man referred began to pierce her soul before Passion Week. Let us, then, view the mother of our Lord as hoping, as waiting, as seeing, as suffering, and as purified.

Mary as hoping. It was true that "the Word" must "become flesh;" and He, whom the whole universe cannot contain, must lie upon the breast of an earthly mother. As God exalts no one who humbles not himself, so it was in this case. A maiden was chosen, who could only exclaim, on the reception of such a message, "He hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden." Not to-day will we consider the grandeur of this maidenly humility, nor the nobleness and purity of her soul; but to the nature of her hopes we will direct our attention. The voice of God had promised, "Thou shalt bear a Son, who will be King over the house of David for ever." "It is the Messiah!" she says to herself; and at once, with this thought, all the promises and hopes of Israel's God throng the soul of the maiden. Doubtless she belonged to that band who waited for the consolation of Israel, — the band of a Simeon, of the shepherds of Bethlehem, and of Anna. She was not ignorant of God's promises to his people: so now her eye runs over the chain of prophecies, back even to Eden; and, with fresh delight, she recounts all the great names which the longed-for One had received, — "The seed of the woman, which shall crush the head of the serpent;" "the seed of Abraham, in whom all the nations of the earth shall be

blessed ; " "the root of the stem of Judah, unto whom the people shall cleave ; " "the son of David, whose throne shall endure for ever." Who wonders that her inward joy breaks forth in these words : " From henceforth, all men shall call me blessed ; for He hath done great things to me " ? Under a variety of images, prophecy had spoken of the future, embracing not only that which Jesus was in his humiliation, but also what he is through all the history of his church, and what he shall finally be in his exaltation. All this, I say, the prophetic voices embraced, and uttered it under images borrowed from these times. Thus the expectations of the people varied. All there was of aspiration in the human heart fastened itself upon Him whom it significantly named "the consolation of Israel." But the lowest, as well as the highest, hopes existed. We hear, indeed, many speak with contempt of the impure, worldly, Messianic hopes of Israel. With how much better expectations do many in our Christendom look forward to eternity ! Do you not draw your idea of the heaven of the future from that which you find in this world ? Is there not much of earth mingled with the purest hopes of heaven ? — and will not the worldly views, which many Christians entertain of the heavenly kingdom, yet be proved as vain and worthless as were the false dreams of Messiah's kingdom when Jesus appeared ? But with what colors hast thou now, blessed mother ! painted to thyself the kingdom of thy Son ? Didst thou paint it the heavenly Jerusalem, with its shining streets and gates, through which the power of the Gentiles and her kings shall be guided to thee, — the God's throne of thy Son, and thine own, as Bathsheba's at Solomon's side ? Beloved, I think, from the way in which this noble woman is represented to us, we may say she did not portray the future at all. No : this humble soul too plainly realized that she could not picture to herself the glory of her Son, without danger of feasting upon the splendor which would fall from the Son upon the mother. Mary did not paint; no, she prayed : she did not feast, but thanked God. The handmaiden of the Lord, who, at the message of the angels, buried all lesser thoughts, questions, imaginations, in the one heaven-high word, "Behold the handmaiden of the Lord ; let it be done unto me according to thy word," — in her lofty soul all thoughts were concentrated in the one, — it is "a Jesus ; " that is to say, "the salvation of God." For the salvation of God, for his costly Jesus'

name, she thanked him. We may, then, following the indications of history upon her character, with reason consider the maiden indeed an heroine; for many a one would have found it easier to conquer a Goliath upon the battle-field, than to restrain the rovings of a vain imagination.

Mary as waiting. The star of Jacob hath risen: He, unto whom all the people shall cleave, is born in an inn at Bethlehem. Before each new-born child, one stands, I might say, with reverential expectations. It is as if we saw the small and gently bubbling spring, from which flows the brook, that may perhaps increase to a mighty stream, and overflow the world. How must those who surrounded the infant Jesus have felt, who then knew that this still, small brook of Siloah was destined to overflow the whole world, and to gather all the streams of earth into its bosom! What emotions must have filled the mother's who knew this, and yet could say, It is my child! Ye parents, each child ye may regard as a pledge of the divine goodness. Can we speak in this way of the bread we eat, of the sunbeam which brightens our path? — how much more of the noble God's gift of a child! Oh happy mother now, who receives her child as a pledge of the divine favor! So Mary receives her little one as a gracious sign that God is her Saviour; for we hear her rejoicing, — "My soul rejoiceth in God my Saviour." Yes, Mary! thou hast a right thus to rejoice; for to what mother in Israel hath God so condescended as to this mother? But turn your eyes, and behold what a period of trial awaits the longing mother's heart until the public appearance of Jesus. Ought she not, from the first, to expect that upon this child Heaven would lavish its miracles as upon no other? Will the Son, who claims no father save the one in heaven, — will he be born, will he ripen and grow, as all the children of Adam? Will not the angels come to strew palm-branches in his path? Will not all the kings of the earth hasten to lay their sceptres at his feet? Will not the earth rejoice when the little one opens his eyes upon the world? Oh, happy for thee, thou chaste mother, who didst not give thyself up to vain fancies! — at least, thou art deceived by no beautiful dreams. For, behold, when the Son of God is born, the straw and hay of the manger make his cradle, and the whole earth is silent through the long night; yet, though the earth is dumb, heaven rings with songs of praise, which upon the earth resound, and, if upon no

other, fall upon the ear of the pious shepherds. Yes, upon his cradle streams the radiance of heaven : but how soon it vanishes ! and already, around the manger of the new-born infant, the wrath of Herod begins to rage. No sooner is the little one born than he must flee. Thus is it with the mother of God's Son from the very commencement henceforth, waiting, believing, not beholding. What a trial of faith are these thirty years, during which, as the seed in the bosom of the earth, the glory of the only-begotten of the Father is concealed in retirement ! Mary, thirty long years pass away, and nothing is accomplished. Still canst thou wait and believe ? As the glory of the Son of God begins to reveal itself, John the Baptist, passing from prison to death, could ask, with earthly impatience, "Art thou He who should come, or look we for another ?" And Mary, who knew more than he, could calmly wait thirty years ! Did never a gentle question fall from her lips ? Did she never ask, if not with words, yet with the motherly look ? But perhaps the Saviour had already said to her, as he afterwards said, "Woman, mine hour is not yet come." And the maidenly soul needed, in truth, no more to enable her to wait and believe.

Mary as seeing. At last the time is fulfilled. Jesus goes unto Jordan to be baptized, in order that he may be manifested unto Israel. On his return, he accompanies his mother to a marriage feast at Cana. Since he is now consecrated Messiah, she thinks his hour is come ; and, in all the modesty of a heart which, in the Son, the King and Lord sees, she challenges him to action with these words : "They have no wine." If from this saying we are constrained to suppose there existed between the mother and Son, if only a felt, still a deep and true, understanding, does not the petition of Mary put this supposition to shame ? Shall the glory of God reveal itself at a marriage feast, in a miracle of luxury and hospitable profusion ? Many a one has thus questioned. But, friends, could the family with whom the pious Mary held friendly intercourse have been a riotous one ? The family which, even on its festive day, was not able to bring forth sufficient wine for its guests, — could it have possessed a superfluity ? Oh, no ! they were doubtless poor and pious people, as Mary herself ; and truly did the mother understand the heart of her divine Son, when, upon exactly such an occasion, to rejoice a poor family on its festal day, she begged a work of love. Could he do otherwise

than grant, in overflowing measure, what she requested? He would thus for the first time, in the circle of the disciples, manifest "the glory of the only-begotten Son of the Father." Now would the blind see, the deaf hear, and the dead be raised; now would heaven open, and the "angels of God ascend and descend upon the Son of man." And what, think you, were now the emotions of the mother's heart? Only rejoicing and triumphant joy? Oh, no! even this time of fulfilment, so full of joy to the mother's heart, was also a time of sorrow in the present, and of still more sad forebodings for the future. Had she not been obliged to see with her own eyes the contradiction of sinners? And why do I speak of the contradiction of his people? Do we not read that his own brothers and his own family did not believe in him? Oh, poor, tender mother-heart, that finds no one among those nearest it by whom it is understood, — no one to whom it can pour out its grief, with whom it can share its still joy! And what must she not have anticipated from the future! To her, the mother, Simeon turned, when he said, "This child is set for a sign to be spoken against; and through thy soul a sword shall pierce." And Mary "kept all these sayings in her heart," we read soon afterwards. Yes, a mother's heart forgets not such words. When the blind see, and the dead, at his call, come forth from their graves; as the pardoned sinner sinks upon his knees before him, and the children cry "Hosanna!" — her heart truly rejoices: but still her inner eye ever sees the sword over his head, and over her own; and she can only rejoice with trembling. The time of fulfilment was to the mother's heart a continued time of trial, — a contest between fear and hope. The sword had even then begun to pierce her soul; and the separation commenced between the earthly and heavenly in her faith and love, which the last agony completed.

Mary as suffering. She appears in history only rarely during the ministry of our Lord. Ah! he belonged no longer to her, but to the world. "Who is my mother? who are my brethren?" "Whosoever doeth the will of my Father in heaven." Continually was she taught the meaning of this word; and already, dividing soul and spirit, joint and marrow, it was completing its work. She seems more rarely to have tarried near him after his work commenced; but now, as the divine child, in order to drink the cup his Father had given him, for the last time goes up to

Jerusalem unto the sacrificial altar, upon which so many prophets had bled, the mother must also have been there. And so we find her at the last passover in Jerusalem. From his history she had almost disappeared; but beneath his cross we see her again. Yes, there she stood six sad hours, from the third to the ninth hour, beholding him bleeding and wounded, buffeted and insulted, his head crowned with thorns. She beheld that head encircled by the majesty of heaven, as he said to the thief, "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise." She beheld it in the night of death and horror, as he exclaimed, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" There she stood at the sixth hour, when darkness enveloped the cross, and Nature clothed herself in mourning, in token of the death of nature's Lord,—there she stood, as he thought of her, saying, "Woman, behold thy Son!"—there she stood, as he bowed his suffering head, and cried, "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit!" Mary! that was the true fulfilment of prophecy. Now "the sword hath pierced thy soul;" now thy love and faith are purified from all that is earthly. At the grave of Jesus we do not find her. The other women go thither with spices,—Magdalene and Salome, Joanna and the other Mary,—but the mother of Jesus is not there. This day hath broken the mother-heart; on this day she can only weep and pray. But be comforted, Mary! What did thy Saviour say? "A woman, when her hour is come, hath sorrow; but, when she is delivered of the child, she thinks no more of the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world." Be of good courage: in *thee*, also, shall the new man be born. The *Son* thou hast lost; but the Saviour of thy soul thou shalt again receive.

Mary as purified. Mary, thy Son lives! Luke, in his Gospel, tells us that the apostles, as a frightened band, were gathered together on the day of the resurrection, with closed doors, and that the women also were with them. In that joy-hour, when the disciples return from Emmaus to the terrified band, exclaiming, "The Lord is risen!" and every voice repeats, "He is risen indeed!" as, soon after, the risen One himself stands in their midst with his peace-greeting,—in that beautiful joy-hour, the mother of our Lord, in all probability, was present. Magdalene falls upon her knees as she recognizes him, and will hold him fast. Mary! hold thou him not; for by no earthly tie is he longer

bound to thee. How, already, must the forty days before the ascension have accustomed the disciples to the thought, that henceforth their relation to Christ would be entirely a spiritual one! Where was he these forty days, during which he now and then, as a vision from the higher world, appeared to them? Even now he no longer belonged to earth, although he was "not yet glorified."

Mary must also, then, have accustomed herself to feel that the earthly tie which bound mother and Son was for ever sundered. At last came the parting hour. As the disciples repair to the Mount of Olives, to the place of parting, we do not, it is true, read of the attendance of the women; yet it is possible they did not fail here. He lifted up his hands, — those hands which, through his whole life, had blessed so many, — and blessed them: "And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and a cloud received him out of their sight." Of the disciples it is said, "They worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy." From this time forward, Mary has raised her hands in prayer to Him whom she in her own hands had borne. The sword has sundered the earthly and the heavenly in her love. The Son she has lost, but the Saviour she hath found. "You now have sorrow," he had said when upon earth: but "I will see you again, and you shall rejoice; and your joy no man taketh from you." To Mary, also, he has again returned in spirit, and given to her joy which no man taketh from her. In this joy she died in the arms of the disciple whom her Lord loved. Beloved, must not we tread Mary's path? The new man is born through the death of the old man. The abysses of the human heart, into which the history of our Lord's sufferings has permitted us to look, are great: but, for our consolation, we learn from Mary that the sanctifying grace of God is also great; and, indeed, our love for Jesus must be spiritualized, as was Mary's, through suffering. Is it not the Son of man, full of grace and truth, who trod Palestine's fields, that we at first love? Christ stands before us, but he is not in us. Do we desire our love to be spiritualized? do we desire Christ to dwell in our hearts? Then must we stand at his cross, and at his cross let our faith be purified. Does the sword which pierces thy soul pain thee? Be not disturbed: she breathed out her spirit in the arms of the beloved disciple. Then, O Mary! all the sorrows of earth lay

far behind thee; then all thy sighs were spent. We, too, who have suffered in the purification-school beneath the cross of Christ, when our course is finished, how shall all our sighs vanish! But the joy of the new birth at Jesus' cross we shall carry with us into eternity.

O Eternal Love! so discipline us also at the cross of thy Son. Purify our love to him from all that is earthly and transitory; and create in us the new man, even though it be through a thousand pangs.

A GLANCE AT OURSELVES.

WE need not wonder that there are no more active manifestations of the religious life among us. We do not educate children to be religious as we do to be fashionable or wealthy, or to keep a high position in society. There is a great deal of parental striving in these matters, while the great element which should underlie the whole of our being is only partially treated. Religion is an off-shoot, which consists with some in a round of duties performed with punctuality, but which has little vitality. We do not stop to analyze our motives, but push on in rapidly gliding over duties. And it is a little curious to note how easily our consciences now set aside what many of us in middle life were early taught to look upon as sinful to omit. Public worship used to be considered as an essential duty. No matter how long the way to the sanctuary, nor long the service, nor yet how hot or cold was the weather; it was Sunday, and we must be found in our places. The head of the family, too, could not conscientiously absolve himself from a course of catechetical instruction; and even the youngest member who was able to sit still was required to do so, and listen. Sunday was as distinct from other days, by all the observances of holy time, as reading, hearing, and studying, and instructing in matters which pertained to another life, could make it. But now how are we changed! These usages are discarded as savoring of superstition or a gloomy piety; and what have we substituted in place of them?

The sabbath morning we will suppose opens upon a family consisting of five or six children. It is a season of great bustle

and confusion. The children have not obeyed the summons of the nursery-maid, who called them a long time before they obeyed her wishes. "John" finds himself greatly irritated that he has forgotten in which chapter his Sunday lesson is found for the school: he concludes, therefore, he has a sufficient excuse for getting none at all. Now, "John" is a headstrong, self-willed boy, whom his parents characterize as possessing "more spirit" than either of their other children. Having nothing to do, he teases William, who has his lesson but half committed, and cannot find the right answers to the "questions" which are used in his class. Little "Nelly," who sits so demure, knows her lesson very perfectly; for her mother has made it a point to assist the two girls an hour or two on Saturday afternoon in committing them. She maintains it is the father's duty to look after the boys. After a hurried breakfast and a great deal of fretting, the children are dressed for the sabbath school. Somebody has told "Nelly" that her hair curls very beautifully; and "Amy," that she has a pretty form and a handsome face. We are sorry when such remarks are inadvertently dropped. We saw the effect of them when "Nelly" so carefully adjusted her ringlets, and looked in the mirror with too much of an air of approbation, and more than all when she told her sister "that Susan Frost told her she would give all the world for such natural, wavy curls." "Amy" is too proud of her fine form and clear complexion: it detracts from her beauty, this consciousness of knowing it. But they are all in the sabbath school: the girls huddle together, and are full of frolic; while the boys are planning about some fishing excursion or a picnic, or are reviewing some holiday sports, which are listened to by a group of smaller ones with deep interest. By and by the services commence: the boys scramble together; and some one more roguish than the rest touches his fellow, or he makes a sly remark which causes a universal merriment in the class, which the teacher hopes to suppress by calling their attention to the morning lesson. Books are opened, questions are asked, and answers given, which show great inattention both to the subject and all its bearings. The children seem strangely ignorant of propriety of behavior and knowledge of Scripture teaching. At length comes the earnest demand for "a story." They want to be amused, not with Bible stories, but with facts in natural history, or something bordering on the marvellous which is exciting. And

now the attention is first riveted : they hear and ask questions, and seem all in earnest to be instructed. This same class, which ten minutes ago looked so listless and yawned so heavily, are just in the midst of their teacher's history before she arrives at the moral, when the exercises close with a hymn, and the Lord's Prayer verbally repeated, sometimes in no seemingly devout emphasis or attitude. The parents of these children, in their quiet homes, are delighted with the institution of the Sunday school. It relieves them from giving oral instruction, besides giving them an opportunity, in too many cases, of discussing subjects which would be more appropriate on Monday. But they go to church in the morning, and, feeling drowsily inclined, conclude to send the boys in the afternoon ; and, of late, the father has not accompanied them to church. The boys sometimes remember the text, and sometimes they do not ; which defect of memory is overlooked by their being able to tell who preached. The day is nearly ended, the religious part of it : the father and mother give or receive some calls ; talk upon legislating, or dress, or some exciting topic which is based upon a ball, or party, or attraction of a musical character, or a theatrical star. The children are not sufficiently interested to listen, and have withdrawn to make merry together in some anteroom ; and, when their shouting becomes too boisterous, they are called to order, and admonished to "remember it is Sunday." We should not wonder if "John" in an undertone remarks, "Our play is no worse than your talk ;" for he is very frank in expression. Thus passes the Sunday ; and your Orthodox neighbor justifies this account of it by adding, "Such are the fruits of Unitarianism." Now, as we cannot well bear this opprobrious sneer upon a faith which utterly discards such practices, we wish to define the true results of our system when faithfully incorporated in practical action.

There is a large class of unbelievers in all doctrinal, theoretical, and positive results, who are ranked as Unitarians, and who bring great condemnation upon the cause. They consist of those who revolt from the stern features of Calvinism, and who identify themselves with our denomination by support of the ministry, and appearing in the church at least once in the day during the winter season. No one is bold enough to censure such a respectable portion of the community : they are honest men, who pay their debts ; give now and then to some public charity ; mean to be

religious by and by, when the rush of business and the gay excitement of life is passed ; and hope to be happy for ever, when they drop their hold upon this world. Just now, they are too busy with Mammon to give God his due. The country is beautiful ; the summer sabbaths are spent in some agreeable locality ; they have no particular interest in the church quite near them ; their stay will be transient ; the shade of the trees is inviting ; and the air which would be invigorating is too often made redolent with the fumes of the choicest brand of cigars with a fellow-boarder, or "particular friend" who has come to loiter away his Sunday. And all these practices are quoted by the same Orthodox brethren "as the fruits of our faith." Our denomination is thus made the sponsor of unholy living. Now, we contend, no true Unitarian can live thus. Renewed in the spirit, he will give better evidence of his allegiance to the cause he espouses. He will not turn away from the sanctuary, even if, under another name, he hears doctrines to which he is not obliged to assent. The consciousness of duty, not as an irksome task, but the love of worship ; the deep need he feels of attaining a yet higher life, of becoming an example to unbelievers, and of maintaining that inward peace which is only attained by right living, — this consciousness leads him and his family to be consecrated to Christ and the church. Sabbath-school instruction is enforced at home ; the day is made cheerful by winning forms, in which true piety always moulds itself ; and, were it not that we knew many Unitarian Christians like-minded, we should shrink from the name. Let us, then, make it our individual concern to maintain a pure and holy life : it is far easier than a rough and unsettled one. Its benefit in this life cannot be estimated, if one would know real tranquillity ; for with it all crosses and trials and bereavements are but so many advancing steps to discipline us to a more perfect obedience.

But the reply comes, "I mean to be as good by and by as you assert I ought to be now." No new excuses are urged for delay. What if your business is harassing ? you need something to comfort you. What if domestic cares wear away your life ? you have need to lay hold upon higher strength. What if your children are wayward ? you need the fervour of devotion, that you may wrestle the more earnestly to reclaim them. It need not be a religion of words : we sometimes distrust noisy declamation. It need not be a triumphant faith : there is always too much con-

sciousness of our low attainments for exultation. But let it be a sincere faith, not a spurious one : then, although others may seek umbrage beneath it who are not of it, the line of demarcation shall be as obvious as the difference between the soil which the husbandman has carefully dressed for vegetation and the barren heaps of sand which yield no verdure.

The want of this living element has made us a reproach even to ourselves. We *can* put forth the Christian character : there are no impediments which we cannot surmount, — nothing but the stubborn will which refuses to obey. But why need we be called by some severe chastisement to seek our peace ? We have known those, who, but for the death of some idolized object, apparently would have gone on thoughtlessly through life. Again : the loss of property has caused yet others to seek more durable riches ; but, in the full tide of worldliness, we rarely witness the severity of countenance which seems to overspread the very features where true Christianity reigns within.

Let us, then, make it a personal endeavor to illustrate the excellency of our faith by the purity of our life; thus rebuking the charge of our opponents, that we would live for the enjoyment of the present, and hope for heaven only on the performance of common moral obligations. Such is not the true Unitarian standard.

H. S. E.

A YEAR OF TRIAL; OR, LESSONS OF "THE TIMES."

CHAPTER XIII.

"BUT the child, Esther, — where is he ?" asked Mrs. Beltravers of Miss Leslie, as they sat together in the drawing-room of the former.

"I have put him to board for the present, until I can make some different arrangement for him. He is one of nature's aristocracy ; though, to be sure, his mother was a gentle, refined woman as you would wish to see, and of very reputable parentage. Poor boy ! I wish some benevolent person would adopt him."

"Will you trust him to me, Esther ?"

"To you, Julia?"

"Yes, to me. You needn't look so astonished, as though the world was coming to an end. I'm serious; and I will take the boy, and adopt him for my own, if you will consent."

"And Mr. Beltravers?"

"Will be glad to have me do what he himself has repeatedly suggested."

Miss Leslie still hesitated. Presently she said, —

"I promised Helen, on her dying-bed, that I would, while I lived, watch over the child, and do for him what I thought would promote his best interests. If I give him to you, Julia, will you not make a plaything of him; spoil him by indulgence; and then, perhaps, when he is older, and has grown wilful and disagreeable in fault of proper management, either cast him off or lose your interest in him? Do not look hurt: this is a matter relating to the child's eternal as well as earthly welfare; and you know, Julia, your impulses sometimes lose the charm of freshness and novelty."

"But this is no momentary impulse, Esther," said Mrs. Beltravers, seriously: "it has been a fixed purpose with me since little Charlie Selby's death. The only difficulty has been to find a child whose parentage was unexceptionable. I do not mean great or aristocratic, but simply good. You speak highly of the mother, and say the father was one of that class who are nobody's enemies but their own. Any weakness of character inherited from him is likely to be counteracted by the mother's good qualities, and by a proper education; which, if he is mine, he shall surely have."

"What connection had Charlie Selby's death with this resolution, Julia?"

"Why, I never told you — for it affected me so, I couldn't speak of it — about his visit to me the day preceding the night he was attacked with the croup. The little fellow was very quiet, and seemed to prefer sitting by me to playing. Just before dinner, I took him into the drawing-room; and he was greatly attracted by the pretty fancy articles on my table. At last he said to me, 'What for you want these pretty things? Charlie don't see.' — 'And why should I not want them, my dear?' I said. "'Cause you've no little sissies to play with them; no little brother, either: why don't you have some?' — 'Because God has not given me

any,' I answered. ' Well, mummer say there plenty poor children in Bos' on : why don't you have one of them ? Mummer say they don't always have 'nough to eat: you have 'nough, Charlie know. Please get one.' He looked up so pleadingly in my face, and seemed so earnest, that I told him I would think about it. And I did think about it, and have continued to think about it from that time to the present; and I have weighed every reason for and against the project. If I do adopt this boy, I shall try to educate him as Mrs. Selby was educating her lost one. Can you trust me now, Esther ?'

"I think I can, Julia. I did not know before, that it was a subject you had reflected upon so much. But I promised Helen I would not wholly relinquish the child until he had been a year with the person proposing to adopt him, and that I would never give him up to any one who would not allow me always to take an interest in his welfare. Are you willing to take him on these conditions ?"

"Certainly, provided you will promise not to take him away from me for any other reason than a failure on my part to educate him properly."

"That is a singular condition, Julia. Why should I wish to take him away for any other cause ?"

"Oh ! I don't know. Mrs. Dr. Lester might want him herself some day."

"Set your mind at rest with regard to that, Julia," replied Miss Leslie, gravely, to Mrs. Beltravers's half-jesting answer. "When I marry Dr. Lester, I shall devote all the time and means fairly at my disposal to that class in the city which need all that can be done for them; and, in that work, I know I shall have the doctor's approbation and assistance."

"True to yourself, ever, Esther. Most ladies at your age marry from selfish motives, with the expectation of improving their condition, or for the sake of a home; but you, it seems, marry that you may have more time and means for works of benevolence."

"No, not so, Julia: I marry, thinking I may thus promote Dr. Lester's and my own happiness. But, at the same time, I know I can then do more good than I can now; and I must be busy, you know, — it is a necessity of my nature. But, with regard to Willie Green, you shall have the same privilege on your side

that I claim on mine. If, at the expiration of the year, you do not wish to adopt him, you may return him to my care."

"I accept the condition; although I am resolved I never will do it of my own free will."

"Have a care what you say, Julia. Mrs. Beltravers, the responsible guardian and educator of an active, spirited boy, may miss the leisure and freedom from solicitude of Mrs. Beltravers, with no one but herself and the most indulgent of husbands to look after."

"As to that, I'm determined, Esther, you shall see I'm not such a selfish creature as you imagine."

"I don't think you selfish,—or more so, at least, than every person is who lives in the ease and luxury you do; but I do think the having a bright, loving child, who looks sweetly dressed, to fondle and caress, widely different from the actual fact of a child to be restrained and repressed as well. Even Charlie Selby, at home, was not always the Charlie Selby of your drawing-room, and required watchfulness, and sometimes correction, from his mother. Willie Green will interfere with your pleasures, try your patience, injure your fine furniture, and your embroideries and velvets, not mischievously, perhaps, but in the mere exuberance of youthful spirits."

"Any more skeletons at the feast, Miss Leslie?" asked Mrs. Beltravers, composedly seating herself on an ottoman, in a naughty, child position, before Miss Leslie, who, erect and somewhat dignified, was occupying a large arm-chair.

Miss Leslie laughed at the comical expression of Mrs. Beltravers's face, as she sat apparently submissively awaiting further reproof or advice, and said,—

"You must excuse me, Julia; but you know I've no sympathy with you pleasure-seekers and lovers,—you who adorn yourselves so richly. I must be excused for doubting if one can love dress and pleasure, and at the same time faithfully discharge home-duties."

"My disposition is lively, Esther; and if I take pleasure in attending parties, going to the opera and theatre, I do not see that I commit any sin in so doing. Are you really so rigid in your notions as to condemn all amusements?"

"By no means; but, many years since, I was visiting in one of our eastern cities, where I heard a discourse, replete with elo-

quence and originality, which I shall never forget. One passage of it deeply impressed me, and has had an influence on my feelings and conduct ever since. It was this, delivered in the serene and deep tone of voice so characteristic of the preacher : 'My brother, never let pleasure lead thee where thou art not willing death should find thee.' "

" If we followed that rule, we should probably never venture beyond the privacy of our homes, as there is no one who would not prefer to meet the dread destroyer there than elsewhere."

" Of course. But, then, that was not the preacher's meaning : his purpose was to enforce the importance of making our pleasures consistent with our religious principles and duties. If your absurd parties, turning night into day, with the idle gossip which constitutes the chief staple of conversation ; and, to me, those indelicate and blush-compelling dances, so in vogue in our first circles, — are consistent with the religion of Christ, then I have never understood its spirit nor its precepts. As well offer up human sacrifices, as did the idolatrous people to whom we trace back our lineage, as immolate modesty, purity, and self-respect at the shrine of your insatiable goddess, — Fashion."

" I declare, Esther, you are too severe. One would think, that, in your eyes, ladies of fashion were little better than depraved women."

" I can't help it, Julia. If you knew as well as I do what remarks are made about ladies who waltz and polk, you would shudder at the very thought of rendering yourself liable to such comments. Severe ! I wish I could be severe on this subject ; but nothing yet has ever been said or written half condemnatory enough to stigmatize it sufficiently, even including Byron's not very delicate description. I have yet to learn that a certain series of movements deserves any more toleration, when gone through with at the sound of music, than without that accompaniment. Imagine ladies and gentlemen standing or simply promenading in waltz or polka attitudes and contiguity."

" For mercy's sake, Esther, stop, or you'll go crazy ! I can't say I'll never waltz or polk again ; but I promise you this, — if I do, I'll be a little more particular who my partners are. For one, though, I will bear my testimony, that these dances are not so bad as they seem. I am so carried away by the music, I forget every thing else."

"Not so with your partner, probably; not so with your loved and venerated friend, who chances to be a spectator, and whose ideas of propriety are based upon the stately and dignified dances of her youthful days."

"Well, Esther, what have you to say under the second division of your lecture? for surely you can't have any thing more to say under the first. Dress, I think, comes next in order; and, with all your flings at my brocades and velvets, you know, if my situation required it, I would wear a muslin-de-laine or a cashmere as willingly as the most superb dress that hangs in my wardrobe. My husband likes to have me dress handsomely; and there seems to be no reason why I should not."

"No: if, indeed, any one has a right to spend hundreds yearly upon dress, which would feed so many starving, clothe so many naked. I confess, Julia, when I go into those large stores in the city, and see every year more and more extravagant articles for dress to tempt the weak and frivolous, and see those stores crowded with the gay and fashionable, each vying with the other in the costliness of their purchases, I cannot help asking what it is all to result in. You cannot even now go in a railroad car, or ride in an omnibus, without seeing persons, who, it is quite evident from their rank in society and means, cannot afford the expense, dressed in silks and embroideries, that, to say the least, ten years ago, would have been thought extravagant for a wedding outfit or best suit."

"Well, is this our fault? Should those who cannot afford to dress handsomely do so because those who can afford it do?"

"They should not, it is very true. But you know that example is far more powerful than all poor Richard's maxims; and, if you dress daily in brocades and jewels, the wife of the thriving mechanic, of the rising tradesman, or of the professional man, whose circumstances require prudence and economy, thinks it hard if she, too, cannot sport her silks and velvets and cheaper ornaments. And so it goes on and on, till such utterly false notions of gentility and respectability have obtained, that, if you ladies of *ton* wish to be distinguished from those in the middle walks of life, you will be obliged to return to the prints, ginghams, and bombazets and bombazines, worn by our mothers for useful dresses in the days of Boston's truest aristocracy."

"It would be absurd pretension in me," said Mrs. Beltravers,

thoughtfully, "to pride myself on dress or luxuries of any kind, when I owe all I have to my husband's wealth. You know, when we were at school together, Esther, where my uncle sent me to be educated for a governess, my best dress was a silk made from one of my mother's, and my next best was a white ground print. I think I could go back to simpler attire, without a sigh of regret for my elegant wardrobe. But I will forthwith commence a reform, and not allow myself hereafter to pay over four dollars a yard for a brocade, nor wear embroidery costing more than fifteen dollars the set."

"Wonderful self-denial! unheard-of economy!" said Miss Leslie. "Your name will certainly deserve to be handed down to posterity as an example to all coming ages."

"When shall I have Willie?" asked Mrs. Beltravers, abruptly changing the subject.

"To-morrow, if you choose to go for him."

"To-morrow be it, then. I'm tired being good, Esther; so let's have some music."

And Mrs. Beltravers sat down to her piano, and played a lively polka with so much spirit that she well-nigh brought on herself a renewal of the discussion on dancing.

With all her seeming levity at times, Mrs. Beltravers was really a woman of good sound sense and sterling principles. She had married, at eighteen, Mr. Beltravers, who had been attracted by her beauty, and afterwards fascinated by her *naïve* liveliness. The change in her life, from being a dependant upon a relative, who, himself in moderate circumstances, could do nothing for her but give her a good education, to that of the wife of a wealthy Boston merchant, was so great, that it is no wonder, with her temperament, she entered with zest into pleasures hitherto denied her. But she was not spoiled by the indulgent devotion of her husband, or the flattering attentions of neighbors and friends, as was evident from the willingness with which she received, and the frankness with which she acknowledged, the justice of many of Miss Leslie's reproofs, and also by her readiness to recognize and pay homage to real merit wherever found.

True, she did and said many a thing that would not have passed uncensured from a person less wealthy or admired; but she did and said such things because it belonged to her lively and yet undisciplined nature to do so, and not because she presumed

on her position. She was impulsive, and consequently sometimes fickle; but when once she had formed a friendship with an estimable person, or had resolved to do a good act, she was never known to falter in her allegiance to the one, or leave undone the other.

In her true woman's nature, which was the foundation of her character, under the unsubstantial froth outwardly visible, she had deeply regretted that no children had been given to her; but the idea of adopting one, though it had often been proposed by her husband, had never been seriously entertained by herself until Charlie Selby had presented the subject to her in his winning, childish manner. Then she had become very fond of the little fellow, and had felt his death almost as a personal affliction; and consequently she was disposed to be influenced by his wishes. How much also her determination, and indeed her whole subsequent life, were affected by her appreciation of and respect for Mrs. Selby, she herself, probably, was never fully aware. Certain it is, however, in events which occurred about this period, and which involved a good deal of trial and discipline, she was wont to recall her example as an aid to herself.

She was not uninfluenced by Miss Leslie's severe criticisms upon the prevailing errors and follies of society in this nineteenth century, which, she could not but acknowledge, were, for the most part, just and deserved; but, at the same time, she always felt disposed to argue the question with her, and she would never yield an inch beyond what candor required. But Mrs. Selby's living example, and the gentle but firm expression of her opinion when circumstances seemed to demand it, left an abiding impression, which, unconsciously to herself, affected her whole character. Indeed, the influence of Miss Leslie was like the furious pelting storm, which seems to say, "*I will be felt!*" and which sends down its raindrops with such force, that, although the surface of the ground is moistened thereby, it is at the same time rendered impervious in consequence, so that the soil beneath receives little or no benefit; while that of Mrs. Selby was like the gently descending showers and summer dews, which fall silently and beneficently, and penetrate to the root of all vegetable life, and become an efficient cause of rich fruits in harvest.

To return to Willie Green. His mother died the day following that on which Miss Leslie went to see her. It seemed as if God

had stayed the hand of death until the mother's heart could be at rest for her only child ; for after seeing Miss Leslie, and committing him to her charge, as it has been stated, she said, pressing the hand of her friend, " Now I can depart in peace." When Miss Leslie came to see her the next morning, it was to receive her last grateful smile, for she could not speak ; and, in a few moments, all her earthly trials were ended. The child was now, indeed, an orphan ; his father having died of the delirium tremens a few months previous.

Mrs. Beltravers's first care was to have Willie prettily and neatly fitted out without any extravagance or ostentation. This done, he looked as if he was born to the situation in which Providence had now placed him. He was one of those fine, frank, intelligent-looking children, far more heart-winning than the merely beautiful without a corresponding expression of countenance. Mrs. Beltravers already felt the responsibility she had taken on herself when she saw the dear little fellow really established in his new home. When he had been put to bed, she went up to see him and hear his simple prayers. After repeating "Our Father, who art in heaven," and "Now I lay me down to sleep," in the sweet accents of childhood, and kissing his "Mamma Julia" (as he called her) good-night, he was soon asleep, fatigued with the excitement and novelty of the day.

To the mother's heart, which beat warm and true in Mrs. Beltravers's breast, whose deep love no children of her own had awakened, Willie's voice, in saying his prayers, sounded sweeter than the music of the most intricate operatic performance ; and she wondered within herself how so many mothers could forego the one for the other. That evening, when she joined her husband in the drawing-room, it was with a feeling of purer happiness than she had known for months. When she told Mr. Beltravers how much pleasure she expected to have with the adopted boy, he, who had been much pleased with the little fellow's frank, winning ways, said, —

"This is better than Mrs. G——'s array of lap-dogs, — is it not, Julia ?"

"Indeed it is. I hope I shall be able to do what is right for the child. But it is a great responsibility : I begin to realize that."

"Certainly it must be ; but, then, it will give you some employ-

ment. I confess, Julia, it puzzles me not a little, how a healthy, sensible woman like you can spend so much time in doing nothing. But spare no expense on the boy, Julia. He shall take our name as soon as your year of probation is out, and be treated as though he really was our child."

"Spare no expense"! This rule of action was the one great weakness in Mr. Beltravers's character, — one which his wife did not fully perceive, because she supposed his wealth quite sufficient to meet all his large expenditures; and she could not see that they were more extravagant in their style of living than their neighbors. When, however, such a rule is applied to every purchase made and every expense incurred, it sooner or later makes an inroad upon any purse filled by the uncertain chances of mercantile life.

But Mrs. Beltravers did not intend to follow her husband's counsel; well knowing, that, in the end, he would approve of her course. Mrs. Alden and Mrs. Selby were, of all the mothers she knew, model educators of their children; and, to follow their example, she understood that she must teach the child of her adoption lessons of self-denial, and early accustom him to moderate expectations, which she would scarcely do by acting in accordance with her husband's suggestion. That night, when Mrs. Beltravers retired to rest, she did not forget (as was sometimes the case in her life of absorbing pleasures) to ask the blessing and protection of her heavenly Father for those near and dear to her, or to invoke his aid in the new duty she had undertaken; and thus the first-fruits of her good deed became an enduring blessing to herself.

While the good people of D—— and M—— were discussing the two great events of interest that occurred after the burning of the factory, — viz., Miss Leslie's engagement, and Mrs. Beltravers's adoption of Willie Green, — and, with the usual comments, expressing surprise or pleasure, approval or disapproval, according to the point of view from which they respectively looked at such matters, Mrs. Selby was still confined to her bed, an invalid, with very slight if any improvement in her condition. It was now the latter part of February. The weather had been at times very severe; the cold penetrating into the most comfortable and guarded houses, and sending its chill breath with little ceremony into the cottage, which was but ill adapted for a winter residence. And,

when storms came, the fierce blasts howled in the branches of the old elm, and shook the humble dwelling beneath its shelter, as if they would uproot the one and level the other.

The season was decidedly unfavorable to Mrs. Selby's restoration to health; but her friends still hoped that the mild air of spring would produce a change in her. She had rallied in the latter part of January: but her improvement was only temporary; and, in a few days, she relapsed again into her former feeble condition, unable to sit up long at a time or bear much excitement. She was hopeful, however, herself, and sanguine of her ultimate recovery, and imparted the same spirit to her husband. Indeed, many a lesson of faith and hope and cheerful submission went forth on its silent but effectual ministry from her sick-room. Next to prayer and self-communion, Mr. Selby found no aid so strong to sustain and encourage him to perseverance in his Christian course as his wife's Christian life.

Mrs. Beltravers also, in her occasional visits to Mrs. Selby's sick-room, gathered up fresh resolution to perseverance in an undertaking which she already found had its thorns as well as roses; and Miss Leslie always left the patient and cheerful sufferer feeling rebuked for her somewhat acrid views of life and sarcastic comments thereupon; while Mrs. Alden and Mrs. Grant, who each had already attained to a high standard of Christian excellence, greatly enjoyed communion with one whose views and practices so accorded with their own. Even Mrs. Payson was not uninfluenced by the gentle invalid, as will be seen by the following conversation, which took place between herself and Mrs. Selby one mild day in February. It was the first time Mrs. Payson had seen her since her bereavement and sickness; and as, in her mind, health and strength were associated with a robust frame and a hearty look, she was evidently quite shocked at her delicate and fragile appearance.

"Weary work, ain't it, Miss Selby, layin' there abed doin' nothin'?"

"It would be, Mrs. Payson, if I felt strong enough to do any thing else; but, as it is, I think, on the whole, I quite enjoy my laziness. And then my friends are so kind, and Sarah is so faithful, and Nancy is so good to my babies, that I feel as if God had mercifully given me this season of rest, and made every thing pleasant to me to bear it. Truly he has strengthened me upon

the bed of languishing, and has made all my bed in my sickness."

" Well, I tell Miss Grant it's no use worryin' about you; for you'll git well in God's own time. Not that she worries about things as I do; but I see she's kinder anxious like. Now, I never expect to be nothin' but an old useless stump: I'm laid on the shelf for life, I 'spose. It comes plaguy hard, I can tell you. Sometimes, though, I do try to remember who puts the cross on we all have to bear. But human natur is human natur; and there's an end on't."

" But you have had your day of usefulness, Mrs. Payson, and must be willing to rest now. Mrs. Alden says you were invaluable to her when she had her young family, and so much sickness and sorrow too."

" I 'spose she didn't tell how invaluable she was to me; how she took me in, a poor widder woman, almost heart-broke, and my little Nancy too, and give me good wages, — though I wan't worth the salt in my porridge to her the first year, — and her a good home, and sent her to school and all till she was old enough to live out?"

" She did not tell me the particulars of your coming to her; but she told me how faithful you always were."

" I dare say: the good she does isn't told on the house-top, nor Mr. Alden's neither. He's a real ginerous-hearted man, for all he's so stiff and grand like; but that's his part of Adam's fallen natur, I reckon. It was he who put out the money I saved from my wages, and the little sum my old uncle left me when he died, and turned it all, so I had a little independence of my own till Tommy went and sarved me sich a shabby trick as to lose it all from me. Well, well, the Lord let him do it; so it's all right, no doubt: so there's an end on't."

" If we feel so, Mrs. Payson, we can bear any trial, I think. Only let us recognize our Father's hand in our trials, and their bitterness is gone."

" Yes, yes: I know that. But I used to make an odds between God's trials and man's trials. I thought, when Mr. Payson died, God sent the trouble: when I lost my property, I thought it all come of man's wickedness."

" But you see now, I suppose, that God allows all our trials,

let them come in what way they will, and so conclude they must all be from his loving hand?"

"Yes, I see it now; but I didn't always."

"The distinction is a common one, and it is often urged by persons who suffer from man's injustice or cruelty. They forget, at the time, that God's providence watches over and directs us all; and that whatever is allowed by Him who numbers the hairs of our heads, and sees the sparrow fall, must be for our good, although it may be difficult for us to see how it is so."

"Well, I knowed all that afore; but I *feel* it now, thanks to your pretty way of speaking, which is like as if your heart was in your words. Lip-talk don't go for much with an old woman like me: I likes to see words and deeds go in company. But don't think I was for complainin' of the Lord, Miss Selby. I'm a cross-grained old creatur, to be sure; but, then, I put my worst part foremost, and seem much ungrateful than I am, may be. I'd like to be active as I was once; and it comes hard sometimes to be tied to the chimblly-corner all day long."

"The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak, with us all at times," said Mrs. Selby. "But God knoweth our frailties, and will judge us in mercy."

"I'm talking you all out, Miss Selby; and so I'll jest hobble home afore I do any more mischief. But I *will* say you've done me a world of good; and there's an end on't. If the Lord sees you need this trouble, — and he knows best, I'm sure, — I hain't had my share yet, such a grumbling old thing as I am. I'll be a better woman all winter for this talk, you may be sure."

And thus bright rays of light, from one gentle, unassuming, but truly Christian spirit, fell upon all who came within the circle of her influence; illuminating the dark places of their souls, and guiding them to Him in whom alone there is a balm for all their sicknesses.

LECTURES ON PALESTINE.—No. 15.

JERUSALEM.

"AND the songs of the temple shall be howlings." These words of the Prophet Amos are illustrated in Jerusalem on the feast-days of that false religion which now holds possession of the sacred Temple Hill. Along the western side of the enclosure of the Mosque of Omar are cells, in which dervises dwell; and, since prophecy has ceased from the courts of God's house, the groans and antic postures of these dervises are all that is left to represent there the divine frenzy.

Jerusalem is now nominally a Moslem city. The heathen have it for their inheritance. Its ruler is a pacha, appointed by the Porte at Stamboul. Its judges are of the haughty Turkish race. The banner of the Prophet is spread upon its castle. The soldiers who guard it are of the armies of Islam. Its oaths are upon the Koran. Other religions are there by favor and sufferance. Other races than those who profess the Moslem faith are there inferior and subject. A Turkish corporal drills his stupid sentinels in the court-yard which once belonged to the house of Pilate. A Turkish policeman smokes his pipe and sips his coffee at the doorway of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The poorest beggar who wears the green turban, which marks descent from Mohammed, takes rank before the richest Hebrew who can trace back his pedigree to David or Abraham. The highest signal of the city is a gilded crescent glittering in the sky. From the hill where Herod dwelt, the name of Allah, shouted by night and day, calls "the faithful" to prayer; and where Solomon and all his people bowed themselves upon the pavement in the great day of dedication, and where Jesus stood and drove out from the Lord's house the profane and the unclean, now only those bow themselves upon the pavement who are ready, with curses, to drive both Jew and Christian as dogs from the gateway.

The Moslem population of Jerusalem varies from three to four thousand, according to the size of the garrison. Of this, nearly or quite half is made up of the officers of the government, and men in their employ. Although the shrine of Omar is next to

that of Mecca in the veneration of "the faithful," Jerusalem is not, either to the Turk or to the Arab, a favorite place of residence. Its sterile neighborhood and its scanty luxuries give him no foretaste of paradise. Its bare, gray, cold streets have not the charm of those bazaars of Cairo and Damascus, crowded with various and brilliant wares, musical with flowing fountains, and fragrant with manifold odors. It is a city for pilgrimage, but not for enjoyment. Its resources are few, its climate is comfortless; and the trust of office there hardly pays for the sacrifice of living in so dreary a home. What a Mahometan most prizes he misses in Jerusalem. The chance of a grave beneath the stone where the Prophet will come to judgment is but slender now; for there is no room left in that narrow space for more tenants. The officials who are sent there come unwillingly, and leave gladly.

So extensive an establishment as the enclosure of the "Haram," which is the name given to all the space within the walls of the mosque, must, of course, require a numerous service. There are within this enclosure no less than six temples, bearing different names, two of which are of large size and imposing construction. The Mahometan system does not, indeed, like the Christian, require priests and preachers,—since men are expected to pray for themselves, and never need, unless they choose, to hear a sermon: but it has its mollahs and muftis, its hierarchy, to take care of the morals and laws and politics of the people; and its dervises to stir up their religious zeal, and play upon their superstition. The mosque at Jerusalem is largely supplied with these brethren. Its staff is hardly less numerous than the staff of St. Peter's Church in Rome, and their duties are as light as those of the lazy Roman functionaries. They have not energy enough even to keep their buildings in repair; and not wit enough, without Frank aid, to plan any renewal of the portions decayed.

The thing which a Frank visitor to Jerusalem perversely longs most to see is the interior of this shrine. The few Christians who have dared in modern times to enter it, and the fewer who have been allowed to do so, describe the interior of the Mosque of Omar, and the more ancient Mosque of El Aksa, which was a church of Justinian, in glowing terms of admiration. The narrative of Catherwood has been inserted in various books of travel, and gives the best idea that any recent account has given. One envies the old knights who could visit it without hinderance in the

days of its glory, and wishes that he had been companion to the lucky Sir John Maundeville.* But the prohibition is rigid. It is not worth while to risk life in such an adventure; and the view from the top of the seraglio, which stands where once was Pilate's Hall, must content an ordinary traveller. He can get here a good general view, a distinct impression of the position and size of the various temples, fountains, praying-places, cypresses, of the smoothed rock surface, and of the walled-up Golden Gate; but cannot make examination of any single object, — cannot decide which of the stones in the wall were fragments of the ancient temples, or what is the use of all the objects which diversify the platform.

No quarter of Jerusalem ought to have so many associations for a Christian visitor as the Hill of Moriah. For a thousand years, the religious centre of the chosen people was on this spot. Hither the tribes came up to worship; here the doctors taught; here the high priest made atonement for his people. The wonder of all the land stood here, which rulers from distant regions came to see. Jesus here was sitting when they discovered his youthful wisdom. At that very gateway, Peter and John lifted, by miracle, the lame man from his helpless malady. Of what beauty was not the gorgeous pile of this hill the symbol and the prophecy? Of what victory was it not the sign, when, for its sake, kings brought presents unto Jehovah's altar? How its memories gave force to the flaming visions of the apocalyptic seer! The saddest words of the Saviour, — did they not tell how these goodly stones should be thrown down? The softest rebuke of the Saviour, — did it not tell how he sat daily with them in the temple, teaching, and they harmed him not? What picture of the Hebrew story has such elaborate splendor as the narrative of the building and dedication of the first house here, — the carvings, the great stones, the precious woods, the vessels of silver, and the vessels of gold? What picture of the Hebrew story has such terrible grandeur as the burning of the later house by the armies of Rome, when, in agony and despair, the last doom of Israel was passed, and in the reddened sky the disciples saw the word of their Master realized?

* The influence of the recent war in the East, and the new edict of toleration, have relaxed this strictness; and now a party of Franks, on payment of liberal backshish, can get admission to the mosque.

The glory of the temple has departed. It is not the great lead-covered dome which covers the Sakkara Rock which attracts the feet of Christian pilgrims, but the smaller dome which canopies the holiest sepulchre where ever the body of man was laid. And we have, from considering the Jews and Moslems in Jerusalem, to speak finally of the Christians who dwell there, their state and their possessions. We may seek them in the different quarters where they dwell, — the Armenians and Syrians on the western side of Zion ; the Copts in their convent by the Pool of Hezekiah; the Greeks and Latins over against each other on the Hill of Akra. Or we may find them at the house of sabbath-service, all gathered together within the walls of their common shrine to pay reverence on the spot where all believe that Jesus, their God, was crucified, died, was buried, and, on the third day, rose from the dead. It is not easy to estimate their numbers ; for, as *religion* brings most of them there, — sins to be expiated, vows to be performed, missionary work to be done, — they are continually going and coming, and but few remain as residents for life. In the various convents, the number of resident members is at no time more than three or four hundred ; of whom the Armenians, though owning but three convents, have at least half. The Greek convents are the most numerous, — seven or eight of them in all ; but they have, on the average, not more than a dozen brethren to each. The establishments of the Abyssinians and Copts are each small ; and the Latin church, backed by the great protection of Rome and the French empire, can keep not more than a score of friars to wait upon all its chapels and sacred places in Jerusalem. The private Christians of the city, according to the most reliable information we could gain, number about three thousand souls. Of these, more than half are of the Greek church, and about one-quarter are of the Latin. In race, nearly all are native Arabs ; and the language which they speak is the Syrian-Arabic, compounded with scraps of Italian which they have picked up. Many of them are wretchedly poor ; and not a few are professional beggars, receiving their food and raiment from the alms of the convents. The Latins are dealers principally in religious fancy-goods. They haunt and infest the convents to force upon strangers and pilgrims their trinkets of stone and pearl and camel-bone and olive-wood and palm, and, from sunrise to sunset, are omnipresent about the doorways of every religious house. Their style of

traffic is not according to the gospel-rules, nor do the sacred associations of their wares and their market-place hinder them from all sorts of deceit and cunning. Some of the better class are approved as guides for strangers, to point out the proper lines of pilgrimage, and to repeat the legends of faith, as they can very glibly. Some are scribes, and attend, with ink-horn and paper-roll, to finish the contract indispensable in all large business transactions. Some are acolytes of the church, trusted to aid the monks on festival days, and to entertain the pilgrims. Of the merchants, the better class are mostly Armenians, who have come to Jerusalem from Turkey and Asia Minor to make fortunes, and mean to return when they are rich enough. These are the gentry of Jerusalem, are treated with some consideration by the government, and sometimes get appointments as consuls for foreign nations. The American consul in Jerusalem now is an Armenian. They take newspapers, and buy books. The minor sects have no secular population.

These are the permanent Christian residents of the city, possibly three thousand five hundred in all,—a number rather less than the number of Moslems. But in ordinary years, at the season of Easter, during the months of March and April, the Christians in the city make a very different show. Before the war broke out, the number of pilgrims at this season was usually ten thousand, and often fifteen thousand, crowding every convent and house which Christians are allowed to occupy. The great Convent of St. James can receive within its walls eight thousand strangers, and is frequently filled. At this Easter season, the streets of Jerusalem assume an air of life and excitement quite in contrast with their usual dulness. There is confusion of tongues enough for a Pentecost day; there is variety of costume enough for an Italian carnival. One might classify the races of mankind from the specimens there furnished. Comparatively few, however, of the pilgrims are from the west of Europe. To a good Catholic, Jerusalem can only divide with Rome the reverence due to the shrines of God; and it loses something by the share which infidels and heretics may have in its holy memories. Besides, few Catholic pilgrims are rich enough to pay for crossing the sea. But Greece, Russia, and all parts of the Turkish empire, send large companies to celebrate the Christian Passover at the Tomb of the Lord. They come from the Caucasus, from the Indus, and

from the regions of the Upper Nile; from Athens, from Antioch, and from the foot of Mount Ararat. Nowhere else in the world, unless it be at the fairs in Moscow, can be seen so strange a mingling.

There are many things in Jerusalem that a credulous pilgrim will love to see. He will stand with wonder on the brink of the dry Pool of Bethesda, and mourn that no angel now troubles there the waters of mercy and healing. He will trace the irregular way of the Via Dolorosa, marvelling that its stations should be so distinctly marked after the lapse of so many ages; doubting, it may be, if every particular is veracious. He will kneel in the little church on Mount Bezetha, where the pious Anna, mother of the Virgin Mary, gave birth to the "mother of God." He will read the quaint inscription along the cornice of the Chapel of the Scourging; will glance at the windows of the house of Veronica; will vainly try to identify the mark in the wall against which the Saviour fell when he fainted beneath the weight of his cross; and, at an angle of the street, will stop to remember the reward of Lazarus, and the torment of Dives. In the soldiers which guard the entrance-door of the seraglio, he will recognize the guards who waited there when Christ was tried before Pilate. Perhaps, among these modest nuns who live on the site of the house of Annas, the pilgrim will seem to discover those faithful women who followed their Saviour to the high priest's house. At the house of Caiaphas, credulity is gratified by a view of the cock which crowed to condemn the forgetful denier of his Master. Shall not the pilgrim seek out, beneath the church of the Latin convent, the house of Joseph; the cave where the young child was hidden on the return from Egypt; and the work-bench of the honored carpenter? Shall he not find, in the enclosure of the Greek convent, the synagogue where the Saviour taught? May he not see, near the Bethlehem Gate, the dwelling-place of the father of John the Baptist; and of Thomas, the doubting disciple; and of Mark, the friend of Peter, and the historian of the Gospel? Can he not stand on the spot where James, the brother of John, was slain by the sword; and enter the prison of Peter, from which the angels delivered him by night; and go out by the gate through which Stephen was led to his martyrdom? He will think of the blessing of charity, when he walks through the grass-grown courts of the hospital which the mother of Constantine established for

sick and dying pilgrims; he will think of the glory of fighting for the cross, when he kneels before the broken altar where the knights of St. John were wont to worship; and all the wondrous mercy of God will overwhelm him, when his feet stand at last on that broken rock where God condescended to die upon the cross, that death itself might be swallowed up in victory.

To the ignorant Greek pilgrim, the stone in the centre of the Church of the Sepulchre, a small hemisphere of marble, fixed in the pavement, marks the centre of the earth, the centre of the universe. He will spend his last penny for the votive candle which he may leave by that sacred stone. He is ready to die when he has received in that sanctuary the high priest's blessing. A cloud of witnesses surround him in the prophets and saints, and the line of bishops, whose faces, framed with carvings and gold, look down upon him from those walls. He reads the promise of eternal life in the ancient letters above the altar. The hard chantings, a Babel jargon to an untrained Protestant ear, made worse by the confusion of sects and tongues, are to the pilgrim the very songs of Zion. The processions of the priests, carrying the sacred vessels, and brilliant with embroidered garments, restore to him the ancient pageants of the temple, while they awe his senses into speechless reverence. The story of those three days of shame, of sacrifice, of terror, followed by their glad surprise, their glorious triumph, is all told to him by symbols within these walls. He may kiss the stone where the Saviour was nailed to his cross; he may look into the hole where the cross was planted, and look down through the rent which the earthquake made in the rock; he may stand where the women stood weeping, and John received his last commission from Jesus. There, in front of the doorway, is the stone where the body was anointed for its burial; there, beneath that great tabernacle of marble, garlanded by rows of lamps, canopied by a starry curtain, and girded majestically by that massive rotunda, the body of the Crucified was laid in the new tomb of the rock. He will enter the narrow cell, and pray with the sad-faced monk, who never ceases to watch that sepulchre. There is the stone where the angel sat on the joyful morning when the rock was rolled away; there, again, Jesus was met by Mary, who did not, at first, know her risen Lord. The pilgrim will touch that pillar in the north transept, where the Latins keep the fragment of the column at which Christ was scourged. He

will follow the range of chapels, each with some tradition of the scene of Christ's dying, until he reaches the flight of steps which lead to the cavern where the holy cross at last was found. And there, by the dim light of the ever-burning lamps in that subterranean shrine, he will bless God for the providence which has saved and distinguished all these sacred reliques for the veneration of the faithful.

A Protestant cannot enter into this pilgrim enthusiasm. The fine old Norman columns of the underground church which fire has spared, and the tombs of Godfrey and Baldwin, the crusading kings, will be the most interesting, because the most genuine, relic of that strange, uncouth, crowded labyrinth which is named the "Church of the Holy Sepulchre." He knows that wise and impartial observers have proved that the tradition of the church concerning these sites, though long and positive, is certainly wrong; that, if the account of the Gospels is true, the teaching of the church here must be false; that Calvary and the Tomb of Joseph, wherever they were, were, at any rate, not here. And, were he not convinced that the sites are so questionable, the mummeries which he sees; the rival chantings, hideous to hear; the quarrels, even at the door of the tomb; the superstition, no better than Hindoo idolatries; the tawdry shows; the low and sensuous character of all that passes here for religion, — would prevail to disgust him. There is some compensation in the thought of the historic importance of this shrine; of its influence in holding to Judea the affections of the Christian world; in turning hither the feet of pilgrims and travellers and armies; in binding together the civilization of the modern ages, and the permanent worth of the ancient world. Without this temple, we may feel that Palestine would long ago have lost its place in the knowledge and the desire of the Christian church, and would have been quite given over to the Infidel and the Jew. There is, too, a pleasure in thinking that here alone, on all the face of the earth, do Christians of every name find common ground of worship; that the prayer here, gross and imperfect as it is, and the spirit, hostile and divided, is yet a union of many tongues, exalting together, at the same moment, the glory of the risen Lord.

Time is slowly, but surely, weakening the attraction of the Christian monuments in Jerusalem. The numbers of the pilgrims are lessened, and they are of a baser class than those who once

frequented the sacred ways. The Jews are gaining in numbers, while the monks are falling off. Wars now are preventing the wonted throngs of the Easter festivals. If gifts continue to come from Christian kings, they are more for the sake of show, and less from the motive of piety. Napoleon the younger is not St. Louis; nor is the Czar the spiritual son of the Cæsars of Byzantium. The Christian future of the city is not hopeful. It has no influence upon the development of faith, upon the order of the ecclesiastic state, or the growth of the religious spirit. The Greek patriarch of Jerusalem lives by the Bosphorus. Except for the Armenian church, no word of commanding authority goes off from Mount Zion. There is no scholarship within those convent walls; and they add no saints to the calendar. No one becomes more religious by living in the Holy City. The reflective traveller, who has gone the round of its sights, and has observed all that it has of beauty and wonder; all that it shows to illustrate the past, and to indicate the future; has seen its degradation within, and its desolation without,—will bring away this as his last conviction, that God has left, and will leave, this city to be the sign of *prophecy fulfilled*; that the time of its restoration no man now can tell; and that the Saviour's sorrowful words still speak its abiding doom.

C. H. B.

THE BURNING BUSH.

THE aspects of the outward, material world depend very much upon the state of mind of the observer. What we see is determined not merely by the particular objects that may be near us, but also by the state of the organ of vision; and yet more, probably, by the condition of mind in which we look at those objects. In other words, the outward universe assumes those shapes and that expression with which the mind of the spectator is able or disposed, by its acquired faculties or by its habits of thought and feeling, to invest the universe. An educated, intelligent man will see, in an assemblage of natural objects, whether it be in a rough and desert country like that in which Moses tended his flocks, or in a highly cultivated and populous territory enriched

by art, much more than an ignorant man, of dull perceptions and sluggish intellect, can discern. Such a person looks upon nature and the world, and all the while a veil is on his eyes. The poet tells us there are "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in every thing." But, to most men, such discourses are very unedifying, and such books are sealed for ever. We see and hear only so much and such things as we are able and disposed to see and hear; in other words, the mind, the imagination, the moral affections in the soul, shape the outward world to our vision. We associate with material objects and scenes the ideal visions that fill and possess the mind. Of many may the same be said that is sung, by the great moral poet of our own period, of the humble and rude hero of his tale:—

"In vain through every changeful year
Did Nature lead him as before:
A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

To the wild Arab, who at the present day traverses the desert region out of which Horeb lifts its awful head to the clouds, the vision which Moses saw, when the Angel of the Lord appeared unto him, does not reveal itself. There stands, unchanged in its leading features, the same scene upon which the great founder of the Hebrew State gazed. Thousands of years have glided by, and no material alteration has probably been wrought by time and the elements, certainly none by the fashioning hand of busy man, in those Eastern solitudes. There are the same sands over which the Hebrew lawgiver wandered with his flocks; there is still to be seen by the traveller the same scanty herbage; there is still rising before the eyes of the wayfarer the same sacred mount; there is the bush even, or one like it in all its outward characteristics; but, to the wild Bedouin, it is no more than a bush upon which his camels may browse. The Angel of the Lord no longer appears in the midst of it. The fire, that burned and yet did not consume, no longer lends to its scraggy limbs a sacred and awful beauty. No voice issues from the flame-enveloped plant to the ear of the rapt listener. It is nothing but a bush. The eye and the soul of a Moses are wanting. The outward world is what the soul of the observer makes it. If we affirm, as our habits of mind

and belief may lead us to do, that a miracle was wrought when God appeared to his servant Moses in the burning bush of Horeb, the preternatural influence may have been exerted upon the mind of the spectator, and not upon the form of the object which he looked at. The eye of Moses beheld what the mind of Moses was thinking of so earnestly. God's influence was felt upon his musing soul. The images that were stamped upon the retina of his fancy were associated with the material objects that chanced to be before him. The burning bush was an image in his elevated, religious mind. What he saw inwardly with his mind's vision is more to be considered than the outward phenomenon, as it is literally described in the record.

Moses had reached the concluding portion of his life. He led his flocks, as we read, to Horeb. "And the Angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush; and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed."

The vision of the burning bush in Horeb was the introduction of Moses to his great office of a deliverer of his country. He was now eighty years of age. He had formerly resided in Egypt, had been brought up in the midst of its luxuries, and educated in all the learning which its schools furnished. That training had not corrupted, had not hardened, his heart. He sympathized still with his brethren. He looked upon their burdens with compassion. His indignation had burned so fiercely, that, on one occasion, he slew one of their oppressors. But sympathy, compassion, and indignation were not the only or the chief qualities needed to fit him to be a leader in such an arduous enterprise as the deliverance of a people who were not, through bad usage, desirous of being delivered. They must suffer yet more than they had suffered; and he must gain, in another school and under different influences, the qualities which were requisite for his work. Forty years he had lived in solitude; but the time was now come for him to return to Egypt.

And it was more than all things necessary that he should enter upon the work committed to him with right feelings, and be influenced by true motives, and that he must seek his strength from the right source. In commencing any important enterprise, every thing depends upon the state of mind in the agent. He must take his departure from some great thought or conviction

which is living in his soul. This thought or conviction must be gained by some means; must be communicated to the soul from some quarter; must be expressed in some words, or by the help of some symbol. There can be no movement without a moving force; and the highest moving power in man is not absolutely self-originated: it is furnished to the soul from without, — from above, — from God's inspiration.

Now, the great conviction which Moses needed to start with was a persuasion of the unchangeableness of God. He needed to be assured, beyond any question, that what had been promised to the patriarch would be fulfilled to the letter. He needed to conceive of God as described in the sublime form of words, "I Am that I Am." The great "I Am," — the Being who remains ever the same, without variation, or a shadow of turning, — this was the particular image or form under which his mind was taught to conceive of the Supreme Being. The promise that had been made to Abraham, and repeated to Isaac and Jacob, in which they believed, and which they bequeathed to their prosperity, — that promise would verily be kept. God, who changes not, — the great "I Am," — had made the promise; and he would not break it. This was the faith that Moses needed to qualify him for his work. And this same assurance is by all men needed to strengthen them for their work in life.

But how was this faith communicated to the mind of Moses? Not by words merely, but also by the language of signs and symbols. The burning bush in Horeb was the image seen by his outward vision, which conveyed to his mind the great truth of God's unchangeableness. In ordinary cases, the action of fire is sudden and destructive. As we see it acting upon most substances, its effect is to change their form entirely. A part of the ingredients of which they are composed goes into the air when they are burned, and becomes a gas, invisible to the eye; and another and small portion falls upon the ground, and remains. A tree is burnt; and all that is left of its gigantic trunk and branches is a small quantity of ashes, easily transported from place to place. The most striking phenomenon of heat, then, as we ordinarily witness its effects, is to change the form of the substances on which it acts.

What, then, would be the most significant and the most expressive emblem of God, who changes not? Would it not be a fire

that burns and glows with radiant heat, but does not consume; preserving its brilliancy without destroying? The burning bush in Horeb was the visible picture or image that typified that grand truth to the mind of Moses. It was associated thenceforth and ever after with that truth; it confirmed his reasonings on the subject; it cleared away his doubts and misgivings. We are not so much concerned, we repeat, to know whether the phenomenon which he saw was a miracle,—something aside from or above the usual order of nature,—as to understand what thought, what form of belief, what solemn and cheering assurance, the image stood for and represented to the mind of the observer. There was a symbol, better for the impression it would make than any words, of God's power,—always exercised, yet never used to consume; of God's justice,—ever burning, yet not destroying his creatures.

Have we not ever before our eyes a symbol of the same kind? Look at the sun in the heavens,—ever burning, like the bush in Horeb, and yet never consumed. It dispenses daily the needed amount of heat through this part of God's creation. All nature feels its genial influence. It starts vegetation out of the sleep of wintry months; it causes the fruits of the earth to grow and ripen for our support; it melts the frost, softens the ground, tempers the air we breathe, and blesses, with its daily rising and circuit, all creatures. But, if we knew the physical structure of the sun; if we could be placed in a position from which we could look into this magazine of fire, this flying volcano,—we might shrink with dread and horror from such a contrivance, which Almighty Power has devised for our benefit. Yet, day by day, year in and year out, through our whole conscious lives, that blazing orb rolls on in the heavens for our blessing,—burning, but not consuming. Ought it not to be to us what the burning bush in Horeb was to Moses,—a symbol and a memorial of the unchangeableness of God?

The vision of the bush, which burned without consuming, may be regarded as a symbol to remind us of analogous facts, not only in the physical, but in the moral and spiritual worlds,—facts of deep import, to which our highest welfare constrains us to turn a serious attention. We have taken one instance from the material universe. In the outward world, which the Creator has wisely and benevolently fitted for our comfortable residence, the sun in

the heavens dispenses that vivifying heat which the earth needs. Under the rays of this celestial fire, the earth burns all the summer long. Bountiful harvests, year after year, without fail, grow ripe for use, without being consumed in the nicely tempered heat; and food is thus provided for the living tribes that compose the large household of God.

Is there no amazing exhibition of wisdom in this nice adjustment of the heavenly influences to the wants of the planet on which we live? Would an intelligence less than divine have sufficed to fix the exact point beyond which this fiery ball, which makes our day, would have been a consuming, devouring, destroying engine? Well may the appeal be made to the reflecting soul of man, as in the Book of Job: "Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days, and caused the dayspring to know his place? Wast thou with him (God) when he spread out the sky, which is strong, and as a molten looking-glass?"

The same nice adjustment of forces is also evinced in the structure of the human frame. Man, regarded as a physical organism, has been defined by calling him "a machine made to live;" and this mysterious principle of animal life, which eludes the most scientific scrutiny of man, which the Creator seems to have decided shall be kept among his own secrets, depends (for this much we do know) upon a due amount of animal heat. This vital heat is generated within us by a law of its own, without our co-operation. We do not kindle the fire; we cannot tell where the materials to feed it were derived; much less can we, by any processes of our own devising, fetch the spark that shall light up these materials. Were we able, by the exertion of any skill attainable by mortals, to mould an image in the shape of man, with every organ, limb, feature, vessel, exactly imitated, — after this part of our work should be completed, the question still would remain, "Who should draw from heaven the Promethean fire that might cause this dead imitation of man to glow with vital warmth?"

In order the better to appreciate the wonderful and beneficent phenomenon of animal heat, we have but to compare it in a healthy condition of the body with the morbid heat generated by disease. This is a fire that burns and that consumes.

Let us now pursue the analogy from the physical frame to the mind, — the immaterial, thinking part of man's nature. Now, it is plain that a certain amount of thought, a quantum of spirits

and mental force, is needed for the accomplishment of any business which human beings undertake, — whether the work be merely mechanical, or such as makes a larger demand upon the intellectual faculties. The merchant and mechanic must exercise their minds to a certain extent to carry through, to a successful result, their business operations; and in the higher departments of labor, occupied by the orator, the author, the counsellor, the scientific calculator, there is much more need of mental force and activity. For the attainment of any high degree of success or excellence in those branches of science or art which require thought or feeling, the reasoning powers, the imagination, the affections, must be in good condition. Now, the Creator has provided that the natural exercise of all our faculties and affections generates a degree of healthy warmth. This natural heat, which suffuses the whole internal being with an ardor that is analogous to the glow in the body arising from vigorous health, is the true source of inspiration. The natural play and activity of the faculties, induced by an employment that interests the mind or heart, supplies as much fervor as is safe, and all that is requisite, for high and continued success. The heat which is thus generated in a natural way, by the activity of the natural faculties and by the circulation of the thoughts, works no harm to its possessor. The mind which is thus kindled burns without being consumed. Compare, now, this natural fervor of spirit with the artificial heat which is created by the use of stimulants taken into the system. The reasons usually assigned for resorting to inebriating drugs or liquids are to raise the spirits, or to quicken the action of the intellect, or to brighten the fancy, or to rouse the sluggish sensibilities of the heart. Some writers compose under the influence of opium or wine; some public speakers prepare themselves for occasions that call for uncommon exertion, by stimulants. Doubtless the temporary effect of such a method is what was looked for. The mind is exalted, its perceptions are brightened, its efforts are made more vigorous and successful; but he who resorts to such artificial helps pays a ruinous price for his success. The fire which he takes into his system consumes while it burns. We will not allege that stimulants can never be resorted to with advantage, — that is a question for medical advisers to decide; but we would simply call attention to the important law which seems established by the Creator of man, — that only that degree of heat

which is generated by the mind's own action burns without consuming.

Again : consider how the case stands with the passions. The passions are the motive forces enclosed in a human being. So far from that being a true philosophy of our nature which teaches that the passions are only and wholly evil, and that the perfection of man consists in eradicating them from the soul, we may affirm that strong passions are the stuff out of which strong characters and eminent virtues are composed. A person who should love nothing, and venerate nothing, and fear nothing, and hate nothing, and desire nothing, — if we can conceive such a passionless being, — would be good for nothing. Instead of aiming, therefore, as some deluded visionaries have done, at what is impracticable, let us rather pursue the method in our self-culture which is indicated by the Creator ; and, without attempting to quench the flame of passion which God himself, for the wisest purposes, has kindled within us, let us aim to regulate the heat, and to temper it down to the health-point. This is the end for which reason was given us ; and this is the work we are to accomplish by the help of reason. In the history of the world, all that is most distinguished in men has been reached and realized by means of strong passions. True, these are dangerous elements we have to deal with ; true it is, that the passions, if left without check and guidance, always tend to self-destruction. Love and anger and fear and ambition are suicidal instruments, many-edged weapons, which, if brandished by a fool or a madman, inflict his own death-wound. But it is also true, that, when wisely and cautiously used, these are the spiritual forces that lift humanity to the highest point in excellence it is capable of attaining. In all the noblest characters known among men, there is ever a calmness and gentleness that mingles with the explosive ingredients, and that makes them safe in their combined action. Moses was distinguished for meekness ; and Christ, with all his power of endurance, was as gentle as the lamb which is the chosen symbol of his religion. The fire which made the face of Moses to shine when he came down from conversing with Jehovah, and that which irradiated the person of the Saviour when he was transfigured before his chosen disciples on the holy mount, was a fire that burned without consuming, and not like the flame of hell-kindled passion, that mars and blackens and destroys the face of its victim.

Finally, under no figure can true religion, and especially the Christian religion, be represented so appropriately as by that of the burning bush, that burns and is not consumed by its own heat. In fact, to burn without being consumed, — this expresses the great practical paradox of man's life; this is the difficult problem to be solved in the formation of character, and in the direction of one's spiritual energies. It is easy to swell, and yet more common to break out, with the violence of stormy passion. It is not an uncommon spectacle to see the hopes and the fears, which religion must ever inspire in human bosoms, mastering those whom they move, and, like the demon that possessed the young man in Scripture, tearing them, throwing them on the ground, casting them at one time into the fire, and at another into the waters, to destroy them. This is the influence of false religion. An element of such power as religion cannot be admitted into the soul, especially if its power is increased by the heat of intense feeling, without endangering the vessel in which it is enclosed.

Nothing is more assuredly certain than that the true strength of a human being — his power to endure suffering, to confront danger, to overcome what is evil in the world and in himself, and to do manfully the work of life — will remain a secret to his consciousness so long as the religious affections of his soul are undeveloped. Here, in the soul, is the hiding of man's power. He cannot do, he cannot become, what he is capable of doing and becoming, until he is moved by the powers of the world to come; until he sees God in holy vision, and feels the awful presence of the great Witness, and burns with an immortal hope, and warms with love to God and to his fellow-men. But it is also certain, that there is no true and reliable power in enthusiasm, — in the uncertain and fitful gusts of religious passion that will assail every soul at intervals. Neither divine nor human power finds its fit symbol in the strong wind, or in the earthquake, or in the consuming fire; but in the still small voice. In quietness must be our strength. While we muse, the fire that is to warm and enlighten without destroying will burn within us. All strong emotions and passions must be trod down, by self-culture, into a calm, deep, still strength. Out of such calmness grows, not the violent and short-lived and overpowering efforts of the madman; but the regular, habitual, constant, life-long activities, that orga-

nize in, and are sustained by, a principle of virtue in the soul. Every human being needs a religious life. Religious impressions, more or less frequent and powerful, every person will be sure to receive, from the experience of weal or woe through which he must pass in the world. But he needs something more and better than such irregular and intermittent impressions. He needs a *religious life*; a constant and healthy beating of the soul's pulse; a regular heaving of the lungs; a perpetual inhaling of the breath of the spirit of God.

This equable, constant, vital heat is what the Christian religion seeks to impart to the souls of its disciples; and the divine Author of this religion is the only example the world has ever known of that perfect blending of all the religious elements in spirit, character, life, which is symbolized in *the bush that burned with fire, and yet was not consumed.*

W. P. L.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

LITTLE NORA had entered upon life with a fair prospect of continuing in it as long as Bridget McCarty, who was of the same age as herself. But Nora first drew her breath in a splendid room, where a canopy of silk enshrouded the bed upon which she was laid, and a downy pillow received her head, and a faithful nurse watched her first movements with unceasing vigils. Bridget McCarty was introduced to the world in a low and leaky attic-chamber, where no curtains relieved the bright rays of the sun; and no special attention was paid to the infant, as it was found to be well-proportioned, and apparently healthy. She was laid upon a bundle of straw, and covered over with a neat but very time-worn blanket. There was no nurse to watch her feeble efforts. Her mother was obliged to return to her common duties as soon as possible; and the baby came in for a small share of attention. Little Bridget lay for hours stretched upon a hard pillow, placed between two chairs to keep her from falling to the floor; and, when she grew very uneasy, her mother left her active labors, and provided for her sustenance. And the child grew strong and active, and would look about its dreary home with as much appa-

rent delight as if gazing upon frescoed walls and gilded cornices and heavy drapery. Her eyes, too, looked bright, and there was no inflammation around the lids; and, when she attained the age of six weeks, the mother of Bridget was sought as the future nurse of Nora. She did not decline the task; for Mrs. Lane was a fashionable lady, and it was too much confinement to be always kept at home with a child: besides, she was weak, and required a change of air; "and the atmosphere of the nursery was quite close and debilitating." Nora Lane weighed just two pounds less than Bridget McCarty at the time Mrs. McCarty became her nurse. It seemed to us a great undertaking in which the plain Irish woman engaged; and yet nobody seemed to regard her case as a hard one. She stipulated to leave her work at home four different hours in the day, at proper intervals, to meet Nora's wants; while another nurse was to be constantly employed as active nursery-maid, to carry Nora out into the fresh air, and divert her constantly. An elegant little chair was purchased for Nora to be drawn to the Common, and she was dressed in the most tasteful manner. The embroidery about her person was so beautiful, that it often attracted the attention of fine ladies whose wardrobes for their babies were not so elegant; and they sometimes inquired of the nursery-maid to whom that splendidly dressed child belonged. Little Nora's pale face and weak eyes and frail body were so set off with rich apparel, that the whole attention seemed directed to it rather than the child; and when she was actually placed under the spreading shade of a tree, or left in the thick grass, to look at other frolicsome children who were strong and healthy, it was fortunate for the child that the feelings of envy were not yet brought out in her immaturity; for Nora could not tell how long she was kept sitting under the tree, that her nurse might have a long talk or meet her engagement with "Mike" or "Patrick," who were sure to pass that way on their route to dinner. Besides, Nora's mother would have thought her grumbling very unnecessary. For had she not paid Mrs. Pell an enormous price for her embroidered blanket? and was not her little hat imported from Paris? and the long feather which waved so gracefully,—was it not of the choicest lot that was ever brought to America? and did she not sit in her beautiful chair upon a satin cushion, while her tiny feet were placed upon velvet? And who could have done more for a child than such parents?

To be sure, Nora was very small, and she looked blighted: for her room had been kept so hot all winter, and her rides had been so often interrupted by unpleasant weather, that she grew sickly; and all Mrs. McCarty's good nursing and care did not seem to restore her.

Mrs. McCarty used sometimes to carry Bridget to sit in the rich baby's home, just to show her to "the help," she was so active and strong and playful. But she was wrapped in an old plaid shawl, and a faded blue hood that had served two of the other children; and her frock was coarse, but clean and warm; and she wore a pair of knit boots a kind lady gave her. But she would sit, and amuse herself for hours with looking about the strange kitchen; and then she would crow, and be so delighted, if the cook gave her a bit of orange or a piece of sugar, that one could but admire her good nature, and teach her many little winning ways, which, though often repeated, never tired those who loved her. But she seldom saw little Nora; for Mrs. McCarty would not presume to take her into the rich baby's presence. She had wished that she could have shown "Biddy" the beautiful playthings with which Nora abounded,—her silver rattle, her large and small dolls, her miniature railway, and her rocking-horse. But yet Bridget was just as happy, now she had learned to look at pictures and to cut paper; and, since she began to walk and talk simultaneously, she had never lacked for amusement,—she was always busy, and took the principal care of herself in the way of amusement. Mrs. McCarty used to pity Nora; because her parents were so rich, and they kept her so tenderly, that she feared she never would live to grow up, "puny little creature as she was."

In the process of years, we again saw Nora and Bridget. Mrs. McCarty was poor, and she taught all her children to be useful very early in life; and, at the age of fourteen, Bridget was taken as a kind of waiting-maid to Nora. Bridget was large and strong and healthy; Nora was small and weak and sickly; and every day the mother of Nora would say, "I would give all I possess in this world if my child was as healthy as her waiting-maid." For Biddy weighed nearly twice as much as Nora; and she could work all day, and never grow weary; and she could eat very heartily, and sleep sound, and feel happy; whereas Nora was of slight form, and only cared for delicacies, and was always complaining

of some pain, or fretted at something. Her mother attributed it all to her delicate organization, not to the training. Nora had been taken to the seaside, and been bathed and rubbed till her flesh was sore; she had drank mineral waters till she grew sick; she had taken "changes" until she was wearied with sight-seeing; and now she had a spinal difficulty, a weakness of vision, and a general debility of the whole system. She could bear no exposure, but was watched as carefully as when a baby. Bridget, on the contrary, had never lived but upon coarse and common fare. She was never taken to ride in the country but once in her life; and then it was to wait a week on Nora, who went to try another atmosphere. She never talked about her "feelings;" for she only knew she felt well and happy. And there was such a sad contrast between the little lady and her waiting-maid, that Mrs. Lane concluded the fretfulness of one, and the amiability of the other, was all to be attributed to the different states of health and illness. She never said any thing about the result of early training, if she thought of it. When mothers spoke of responsibility in her presence, she always assented to the belief, that one's destiny might often be attributed to the judicious management we early received, and never failed to quote the "expense, fatigue, and anxiety" she had endured on Nora's account. She evidently considered herself as a model mother. As far as Nora's health would allow of it, she had been placed to the most fashionable schools. Nothing had been omitted to fit her for a genteel position in society. She wanted nothing but health.

Nora and Bridget are now married. Nora won the affections of a Southern planter, of great wealth, who is devoted in his efforts to keep her alive; which, from all appearances, cannot much longer be done. Bridget married Pat Mullen, and has a family of three hardy boys; and a more active, able-bodied working woman cannot be found. As we look upon the two, we can but ask, "How far has the physical training of each to do with transgressing or obeying the laws of nature?"

It would be well for parents to take rational views upon this subject. It is of momentous importance whether we carry about us a healthy or a diseased body. If we have pampered that body and induced the disease, and thus starved the soul from all active progress, is there not a fearful accountability in this matter? The invalids that throng our sea-shores, and frequent our mineral

springs, are not all worn-out, middle-aged men and women: there is the lustreless eye of youth, the feeble walk of children, the vitiated appetite and the exhausted spirits of a juvenile group. Were they born to this suffering, or have their habits of living induced such results?

We do not think these inquiries are irrelevant to those who regard the present and future destiny of immortal beings.

H. S. E.

A SINNER.

WHAT is it to be a sinner? That word haunts me. All men are sinners. Of course, if that be true, I am one. If sin be the most dreadful thing on earth,—and I have at times a strong, though vague, idea that it is so,—what a thought upon one's soul! How can I ponder upon any thing else?

I must settle that one question. Am I a sinner, or not?

I told Frances last night, as we parted, to remember that she was a sinner. She looked at me in great surprise, and asked me if I meant any thing in particular. I certainly did not; for she is one of the most exemplary persons I know: in common parlance, I do not *know* of any fault in her character. Should I not have betrayed as much surprise if any one had said the same thing as abruptly to me, and that not because of the abruptness, but because of some indistinct impression of harshness and injustice in the charge? I think I should. Yet I have often confessed myself a sinner. Was it all cant? Had I no meaning?

To disobey God or Christ is sin. The command is, "Be ye perfect, even as I am perfect." We know we are far from perfect: not one of us would dare set up a claim to perfection. Then we disobey the divine command, and of course we sin. We cannot reflect upon the matter at all without being self-convicted. How is it, then, that we are so easy about it? How is it that so much of our confession seems such mere lip-work? How is it that I myself live on so cheerily from day to day, only troubled when worldly affairs go wrong, yet conscious, after a fashion, that I am far below the degree of goodness which I ought to have

attained, — conscious not only of imperfection, but of many positive faults?

This is to be a sinner. When I give myself time to reflect seriously, I perceive and feel this bitterly. If I could feel so more frequently and permanently, there would surely be some change in my heart, and therefore in my life: the whole current of my thoughts would be different.

This, then, is the first thing I have to do. I *must* take more time for thought, for self-examination: I must allow myself *much* more time for it. The neglect of this precaution is my first and fatal error. I shall never be any better till I do it.

But what then? When I have brought myself under a deep, humble, settled conviction of my own sinfulness, — clearly perceiving that I am not what my friends think, nor what God would have me to be, — what shall I do next?

I shall probably suffer mentally: I shall feel shame and anxiety. How can I expect any thing else?

But what will be the result of this?

Perhaps the suffering will be so severe that I shall feel it to be intolerable, and, in despair, I shall endeavor to drive the subject from my mind; I shall seek to think no more of my character and spiritual condition or prospects; I shall relapse into worldliness and an uneasy ease. It has been somewhat thus with me more times than once; and, in literature, society, and what I called the every-day duties of life, I have ceased to prosecute painful questionings as to my ruling motives, my real piety and holiness, my appreciation of Jesus Christ, my true communion with God our Father. Shall I traverse this circle again?

Shall I not feel, at last, that I have been working in the wrong way; that I have failed through not using the only means of safety? Shall I not see that I am not strong enough to lift myself up; that I am like one who struggles to save his life by swimming against wind and tide, refusing to seize the rope thrown to him? Wind and tide are against me; and my soul, I feel, is in danger of a cold, dark fate. Nothing that I can do is of any avail, except that which I have neglected because I did not sufficiently feel its need or trust its efficacy, — prayer, prayer, prayer! — incessant, earnest, fervent prayer! It is to this that my conviction, my anxiety, my faith, must bring me. If they are real, it will be real. If it is real, it will bring help.

I do not believe it is a superstition, a dream. I do not believe that the only effect of prayer is its re-action, nor that it merely brings the soul which breathes it into a purer state. If I believe that God lives, and loves us, I must believe that he is peculiarly near to every soul imploring aid against sin ; that he regards the warfare between the human soul and sin, in every individual case, with a deep and tender interest. No matter how august his nature, this mighty conflict is not unworthy of his attention : it is, of all things, *most* worthy of it. How can any doubt it, who consider what the human soul is, and how God has endowed it; what sin is, and what its influence upon the soul ? How can any pray who do doubt, with a neutralizing, chilling misgiving upon their hearts ?

This, then, will be my course : (God grant it may begin this day !) First, the *conviction* that I am a sinner ; then, *anxiety* because I am a sinner ; then, faith and *hope* that prayer will bring divine aid ; then, a *change* from the lukewarm, fluctuating, almost irreligious state of my soul at this time to one in which religion shall be my governing principle and chief interest, — in short, a regeneration. What terms can be more simple or expressive than these ? I am sure of these realities. Why may I not use these brief, intelligible, comprehensive words ? Because they have been abused, and become part of an unmeaning jargon to many minds, bearing the fearful appellation of *cant* ? For that very reason, let us redeem them, use them intelligently, feelingly, and sincerely.

L. J. H.

THE STREAM OF TIME.

IN the summer of 1846, I found myself quietly rusticating among the hills of New Hampshire. Taking advantage of the temporary quiet in business, I had accepted the invitation of a friend to visit his rural retreat, and enjoy for a few weeks the sweets of leisure.

One clear, bright morning, I sallied forth to take a solitary ramble. I wandered "far o'er hill and dale," drinking in with delight the beauties of the changing scene and ever-varied pros-

pect. As I retraced my steps, I was surprised to find myself weighed down by a sense of weariness and exhaustion, of which I had been wholly unconscious while led on by the excitement of novelty. A rude seat beneath a branching oak inviting to rest, I seated myself thereon. The refreshing coolness of the shade fell gratefully upon my wearied and overheated frame, inclining to drowsiness. But I may not yield to its influence; a few moments only may I indulge the luxury of rest.

Walking on from thence, the heat soon became intolerable; and with joy I beheld in the distance a broad stream, and hastened forward to inhale the breeze which I promised myself should rise in cool freshness from its surface. But great was my disappointment to find, on a nearer approach, that, far from having a cooling effect, it seemed to reflect back the sun's rays with more intense ardor, having rather the appearance of liquid glass than of water. I looked up and down in vain for some means of reaching the opposite shore. At length I observed, that, at a short distance below, it came to an abrupt end, seemingly swallowed up in some gulf beneath. Thither I bent my steps, with intent to pass quickly on, and, as soon as possible, escape its influence; but, turning to look up the stream as I passed, the singularity of its appearance at once arrested my steps. No clear liquid depth did I behold, reflecting only the blue sky above, and green fringes on its border, dancing in fantastic shapes upon the rippling current; but a vast moving panorama, painted upon its smooth surface with the distinctness of a metallic mirror, peopled with human beings of every age and condition which mark the various grades of life.

My attention was soon riveted by a little child, upon whose infantile features played the smile of guileless innocence, in whom I yet recognized a likeness to myself, and felt that it was my own infancy on which I gazed. While others appeared as ordinary mortals, whose character can be known only by its outward manifestation, the inner life of this child was to my eye perfectly revealed. Not only was every thought and impulse of the heart seen with perfect distinctness, but I felt myself gifted with new powers of discernment by which to detect even the most secret motive, such as not unfrequently escapes the actor himself, and all save the eye of Omniscience.

That countenance, as yet, reflects only the joyousness and sim-

plicity of childish innocence : no dark frown clouds the brow ; the light of heaven, which the Maker has shed upon the new-created spirit, still shines with a serene and steady brightness. Onward he sports and gambols for a time, actuated only by the impulses of affection and light-hearted joyousness. But, alas ! too soon are those youthful features disturbed by anger ; and the dark cloud of selfishness begins to obscure the inward light of purity. The wayward will is manifested, — impatience of restraint, — and, at times, even open defiance of parental authority. The brother or sister is treated with harshness or overbearing arrogance ; common possessions are selfishly appropriated ; and a total disregard of others' happiness betrays itself. Envy and jealousy take the place of open-hearted frankness ; and suspicion, plying the mind with doubts, restrains the gushing fountain of affection. Ambition next rouses the spirit of rivalry to the use of unfair advantages, and to selfish exultation over a defeated rival, inculcating the baneful lesson, that promotion depends not less upon another's deficiencies than our own merits ; and that little heart is seen to throb with eager hope, that, by the failure of another, his own triumph may be secured.

Youth at length ripens into manhood. Childish passions are in a degree subdued, but not exterminated. They are withdrawn into the more secret recesses of the heart, and thence still exercise an influence over the character. Not now, as in childhood, may be seen each impulse imprinted upon the brow : experience has taught the policy of concealing the heart's deep workings beneath an impassive exterior. To all around, his friends and acquaintance, he is the good man, — kind and accommodating, nor failing in the outward discharge of duty in the various relations of life. " Fair the fame that he hath built, a fair life's just reward." The smile of self-satisfaction rests upon his countenance : he compares his external life with that of others, and sees " no deed that men can blame," and therefore thinks he has fulfilled the whole law, nor penetrates into the heart's dark recesses to see " how deep the principle of sin its root may there conceal." To my eye, now cleared of passion and prejudice, and before which the spirit's deep workings lay exposed as in the light of noonday, how different appears that character ! how sinful, cold, and selfish that heart ! With shame and remorse do I view it. With what bitter mockery does that self-satisfied smile seem to distort the features !

I cannot suffer him to go thus blindly on, but must sound in his ears, with trumpet-tones, the voice of warning. Alas! I find myself powerless, — held as in the grasp of a nightmare. In vain I strive to speak; a hoarse, guttural sound only mocks my efforts. I would turn away from what I cannot remedy; but equally vain the attempt to avert the face or close the eye. I must still gaze, my whole soul absorbed in the intense and agonizing interest.

Still onward he passes, nor awakens from the sleep of self-delusion. The kindly office towards others is performed; and he congratulates himself on the benevolent spirit which prompts it, nor detects the secret influence of vanity that lurks beneath. He puts not to conscience the question, whether he would have sympathized equally in the happiness produced by another instrumentality, or listened with equal complaisance to praises of which he was not himself the object. The general appearance of kindness and good-will which characterizes him is rather the result of a naturally cheerful temper, which readily seizes upon pleasant subjects, giving a genial flow to the spirits, and the desire of producing a favorable impression, than of any true love of others, or wish to promote their happiness. Even his apparent love of friends is seen to proceed from the desire for society, sympathy, and the pleasure of feeling himself beloved, instead of that true and devoted affection which is ever ready to sacrifice self for the happiness of the beloved object. Resignation to the divine will — a prominent trait in his external character — is but the result of natural temperament, combined with that philosophy which teaches the vanity of resistance to what is unavoidable. Thus the passions of youth have cooled, like the lava torrent, into a stony hardness, enveloping the heart in their deep incrustations; and, in cooling, have so contracted and bound it as nearly to extinguish the vital principle itself. How did I long to see it arouse, break down the wall of its prison-house, and once more assert its freedom! It even seemed that the raging of angry passions would be preferable to this dead, cold, *icy* indifference.

Every thought, word, and deed of my past life was thus passed in review before me, with the touchstone of truth applied to the secret motive of each. I was appalled, overwhelmed, in view of the sinfulness and *utter worthlessness* of my own character; ready “to call on the mountains to fall upon and the hills to cover me,” if they might but hide me from myself. It were im-

possible to describe the agony of that moment: I could have welcomed annihilation as an inexpressible relief. The view of my own unworthiness tortured my spirit with a degree of anguish which no external infliction could produce. The perspiration rolled in large drops from my forehead; and I felt as if exposed to the scorching influence of a seven-times-heated furnace. Again I struggled to escape, and, awakened by the effort, found myself still seated under the tree, but no longer protected by its shade, which, having retreated before the advancing sun, left me exposed to his fiercest rays. But not with my slumber passed away the vision it had excited. I remembered that "God speaketh once, yea, twice, in a dream."

R.

A VISIT TO INDIA, CHINA, AND JAPAN, IN THE YEAR 1853.

By BAXARD TAYLOR. New York: Putnam and Co. London: Sampson Low and Co. 1855. 12mo, pp. 539.

THIS bulky volume completes the record of a two-years' absence. The "Journey to Central Africa," and the "Lands of the Saracens," have already received a favorable notice in nearly every journal. The last of the triplet deals with countries of more extent, more difficult of entrance, and therefore more imperfectly described, especially as our government has retained Mr. Taylor's "Japan Journal," to be used in the coming narrative of Commodore Perry.

This concluding journey takes us from Egypt, over the usual East-Indian route, along the Red Sea, to Bombay. Its course is then that of a solitary, night-and-day traveller, twelve hundred miles, towards the Himalayas. Seeing all that winter would permit of these gigantic mountains, we are next borne along an equal distance, by the same fatiguing, monotonous, and lonesome land-carriage, to Calcutta; thence, by steamer, to Hong Kong. In China, a situation of master's mate, intended for scientific gentlemen, is tendered to Mr. Taylor; and he immediately goes on board the steam-frigate "Susquehannah," dons the navy blue, and enlists in the American service. Participating in Commodore Perry's investigations, he returns from Japan with the squadron

to Hong Kong, and completes his voyage home by a clipper-ship; having journeyed fifty thousand miles in two years and four months, without injury, and with constant manifestations of kindness.

The same remarkable qualities which have crowned the previous narratives with success are equally seen in this. Hardly ever was there more cheerful traveller, or more fresh-hearted narrator. He never exaggerates peril, nor wearies the reader with his own fatigue, nor disgusts with intrusive moral reflections, nor rehashes old books as part of his own experience. Having such a Ledyard passion for travel, we are glad that he has a Stephens's pen for description; like these fellow-countrymen, manifesting such fearlessness, perseverance, good sense, and humanity, as constitute him almost a model traveller.

In the Chinese portion, Mr. Taylor is too severe. Seeing nothing but the few commercial points corrupted by foreign intercourse, knowing not a syllable of the intricate language, visiting never those interior cities where national peculiarities exist in perfect preservation, he calls their touch pollution, represents their depravity as something marvellous, and confesses his haste to quit their loathsome shores. A larger acquaintance with this crowded portion of the human family, and especially an introduction to their provincial life, must have abated his horror, and qualified his denunciation.

Mr. Taylor does ample justice to our government negotiation at Japan. It is not the first time that an American officer, by mingled wisdom and energy, by neither attempting nor submitting to the slightest wrong, has obtained a respect for his flag denied to that of other nations. Indeed, it is "good as a play" to see how Japanese craft was baffled, Japanese dignity made condescending, Japanese traditions brushed aside, by the uncompromising self-respect of Commodore Perry. When they sent to him inferior officials, he would only communicate through his own inferiors; when they tried to obstruct his way, he shotted his long guns, and moved on; when they were setting spies upon his ship, the authorities were informed that no such insult would be suffered. The upshot of the matter was, that, in four days, our embassy accomplished what the Russian failed of doing in six months, and all with uniform politeness and mutual good-will. We have reason to be proud of having "the first foreign ambassador officially

received on Japanese soil." Nor is this the only advantage. The squadron advanced twenty miles farther in the forbidden quarter than any previous strangers, took valuable soundings, proved the Yedo Bay one of the finest in the world, and prepared the way for a commercial intercourse, which, if conducted with a like discretion and integrity, will be a credit to Christianity, and a blessing to either hemisphere.

We are grieved, but not surprised, to find Mr. Taylor so hopeless about Christian missions. The impression is shared by most of our countrymen who visit those seemingly favorable lands; and, in China, is based upon the peculiar stupidity, proverbial imitableness, and traditional immobility, of that singular race. "Cheerfully testifying to the zeal and faithfulness of those who labor in the cause, I must confess," he says, "that I have not yet witnessed any results which satisfy me that the vast expenditure of money, talent, and life, in missionary enterprise, has been adequately repaid." Everywhere he found these foreign apostles what we have found them in similar regions,—courteous, devoted, fervent, and pure; but nowhere with any satisfactory returns for such heroic self-sacrifice.

Mr. Taylor's closing reflections upon the American navy are rather desponding. He seems to think the discipline hopelessly relaxed; the character of this favorite service lowered; superannuated officers retained in responsible situations; and no sufficient reward or stimulus presented to real merit. If there is ground for this charge of deterioration, as we believe, the country will be grateful for this free and earnest exposition. At the same time, we have to rejoice that the government is now intent upon a measure, which, by removing some of the veterans from the list, will open the way to younger and fresher men who have their mark to make on the world; while the suggestion of "registered seamen" by a former Secretary of the Navy, by securing a constantly increasing bounty to seamen after five years of faithful service, seems to deserve at least patient trial, as the promise of better stuff than that offscouring of humanity sometimes herded together, on poor pay and under severe discipline, in governmentships.

RESIGNATION.

Written at Sea, November, 1844.

By my sufferings, holy Father !
 Thou art leading me to thee ;
 By these sobs and tears of anguish,
 Wrung from frail humanity.

When I think, at nightfall, lonely,
 Of our early wedded life,
 When the world's unclouded future
 Opened on me as a wife, —

And then turn my eyes, in sadness,
 To my loved one's wasting form,
 Then my brain doth reel, and madness
 Overwhelms me like a storm ; —

And I ask the untold future,
Am I to be left alone ?
 Are the clods and loathsome earth-worms
 To embrace my cherished one ?

Hark ! from out the viewless ether —
 Waves below and stars above —
 Hear the angels' echoed voices,
 " All is done for thee in love."

Peace, my soul ! *live in the present* ;
 God has given thee strength *to-day* :
 Ask no future ; he retains it,
 And will guide it the right way.

Strength, my heart ! be trustful only,
 Though thy fears are agony :
 Think of Him, the pure and lonely
 Sufferer in Gethsemane.

Peace, my spirit ! by these sufferings,
 God is leading thee to him :
 Oh, what light and joy and comfort,
 Now the earth-lamps have grown dim !

E. D. W.

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

English Traits. By RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Phillips and Sampson.—For the most part, Mr. Emerson has written this volume in a very direct, straightforward style. It has less of his distinguishing peculiarities of expression than his other productions, and, in this respect, stands in somewhat the same relation to them that Carlyle's "Life of Schiller" does to what came after. But these judgments on the national life of England bear frequent marks of their author's own philosophy and genius. Showing something more of common-sense reflection and practical observation than is generally looked for in him by those who know him least, they discover also his special views of the highest subjects,—life, society, duty, religion. To say that the book abounds in wit, insight, originality, learned allusion, profound thought, is to say only what everybody would expect. To say that there are to be found in it occasional exaggerations, paradoxes, one-sided opinions, and criticisms too unqualified for justice, is to say what the author would not probably himself contradict. Mr. Emerson, in his boundless catholicity, does not ask people to accept his conclusions: he is content, as he is sure, to stir their brains and quicken their perceptions. From all ordinary records of travel, his work stands wide apart. If he received more of what we receive as of the Christian faith, we should find his chapters as genial, encouraging, and true, as we now find them racy, entertaining, and brilliant.

Hon. Josiah Quincy's Speech on the Aspects of the Slavery Question is already known to our readers as one of the most vigorous and convincing discussions of that difficult subject yet produced. Taken in connection with the author's own extended and eminent experience, his conservative associations, his downright sincerity of character, and his political information, it has extraordinary weight. The general circulation of this document through the country would form a very efficient means of rousing the conscience and enlightening the judgment of the people. There is no ambiguity in the style, no uncertainty in the sound of the ringing trumpet. The sentences are sharp and clear; and the firm, consistent, consecutive thought evinces a mind as strong as it is venerable, as elastic in its energies as it is rich in resources.

Our National Condition, and its Remedy, is the title of a sermon—not unworthy to be compared with the speech just noticed, for historical activity, energy of expression, and trenchant analysis

of political measures — from Rev. Henry M. Dexter. To write a discourse, at this time of day, so fresh and instructive as this, on the familiar subject, implies no light labor and no small talent. Now that politics have become sacred and august, we hope to see a great deal of just this sort of political preaching; i.e., the direct application of Christian principles to the public affairs of the country, for the salvation thereof.

The History of Massachusetts. By JOHN STETSON BARRY. Phillips, Sampson, and Co. — The appearance of this second volume in an important work is interesting, both for its own sake, and as an assurance of the good success of the first. In a clear, straightforward style, Mr. Barry continues his record through the second or provincial period, commencing near the close of the seventeenth century, and extending to the retreat of the British forces from Concord, or the beginning of the Revolution; embracing, of course, the engaging and momentous epochs of the witchcraft delusion, the French war, and the incipient movements of discontent in Boston. The narrative necessarily includes many scenes and events beyond the limits of the Bay State; but the proper line of historical demarcation is well drawn. Paper and type make the volume agreeable to the eye.

The Imitation of Christ. By THOMAS A KEMPIS. Gould and Lincoln. — Payne's edition is made the basis of the text, but not without modifications. The prefixed biography is from Ullman's "Reformers before the Reformation," and has much literary, critical, and theological value, — putting the argument for 'A Kempis's authorship as strongly as it can be put, perhaps, and as strongly as it needs to be. This sketch also contains quite a careful treatise on the mystical type of piety, and abounds in cordial recognitions of a form of religious character with which our age has too little sympathy. The essay of Dr. Chalmers, vindicating the evangelical orthodoxy of a production which looks quite as far into the depths of the divine mystery as he ever saw, and hardly needs vindication from anybody, is also inserted, as is a short introduction by Dr. Howard Malcolm; and the whole is preceded by a note from the publishers. It is to be hoped this issue of the great spiritualist's disclosures of profound truth in relation to the Christian life — in so readable a shape — will give a new impulse to the study of the old saint's inexhaustible meditations. We confess, we think quite enough has been said and done to Protestantize him. When all secrets shall be revealed, what throngs of holy believers shall be seen to have been enriched and sanctified by these almost inspired counsels!

The Piazza Tales. By HERMAN MELVILLE. New York: Dix and Edwards. 1856. — This volume, by the author of

"Omoo" and "Typee," contains ten "Sketches of the Enchanted Isles," pleasantly and attractively written; and five tales, some sentimental and silly, some truculent and harrowing, and all written in an inverted and inflated style, which should banish them from the favor of all who love the simple, straightforward Saxon.

Hints concerning Church-Music, the Liturgy, and kindred Subjects. Prepared by JAMES M. HEWINS. Boston: Ide and Dutton. 1856.—This is a vigorous protest against prevailing abuses of church-music, which all sincere worshippers, among both the clergy and the laity, would do well to read for its really valuable criticisms and hints: though all might not agree with the author, that Puritanism is the cause of the evils complained of; or that the appearance of the galleries of some Puritan churches, "skirted with damsels, who frequently appear with denuded heads," is pagan, and contrary to Scripture; or that the perfection of doctrines, liturgies, choirs, and clerical costume, is to be found only at the Church of the Advent, in Green Street.

A Statement of Reasons for not believing the Doctrines of Trinitarians, concerning the Nature of God and the Person of Christ. By ANDREWS NORTON. Second edition, with additions, and a Biographical Notice of the Author. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1856.—Professor Norton's "Statement of Reasons" has played an important part in the Unitarian controversy of this century; and it is still valuable to the student of theology, for its careful and scholarly examination of texts, and its earnest spirit. Now that the passions of the controversy have mostly subsided, it is possible to see, in the most conscientious combatants on both sides, a misapprehension of their opponents, and an arrogance in their own statements, from which even the patient, learned, and devout Norton was not altogether free. This edition contains also Dr. Newell's beautiful and affectionate memoir of his teacher and friend, with an elaborate and valuable note by the editor, Mr. Ezra Abbot, on passages of Scripture that have a "supposed bearing on the doctrine of the Trinity."

Sargent's Standard Primer. Phillips, Sampson, and Co.—Much of the importance of this neat, carefully prepared, and tastefully ornamented little manual arises from its connection with the whole admirable and successful series. The method is simple and gradual; there are directions for teachers; and the engravings will arrest the eyes of children.

The Signet Ring, and its Heavenly Motto. — Gould and Lincoln have just issued a beautiful little production of a Christian imagination, of German origin, suited to charm and instruct young or old, with this title.